

LET ALL THE PEOPLE SING.

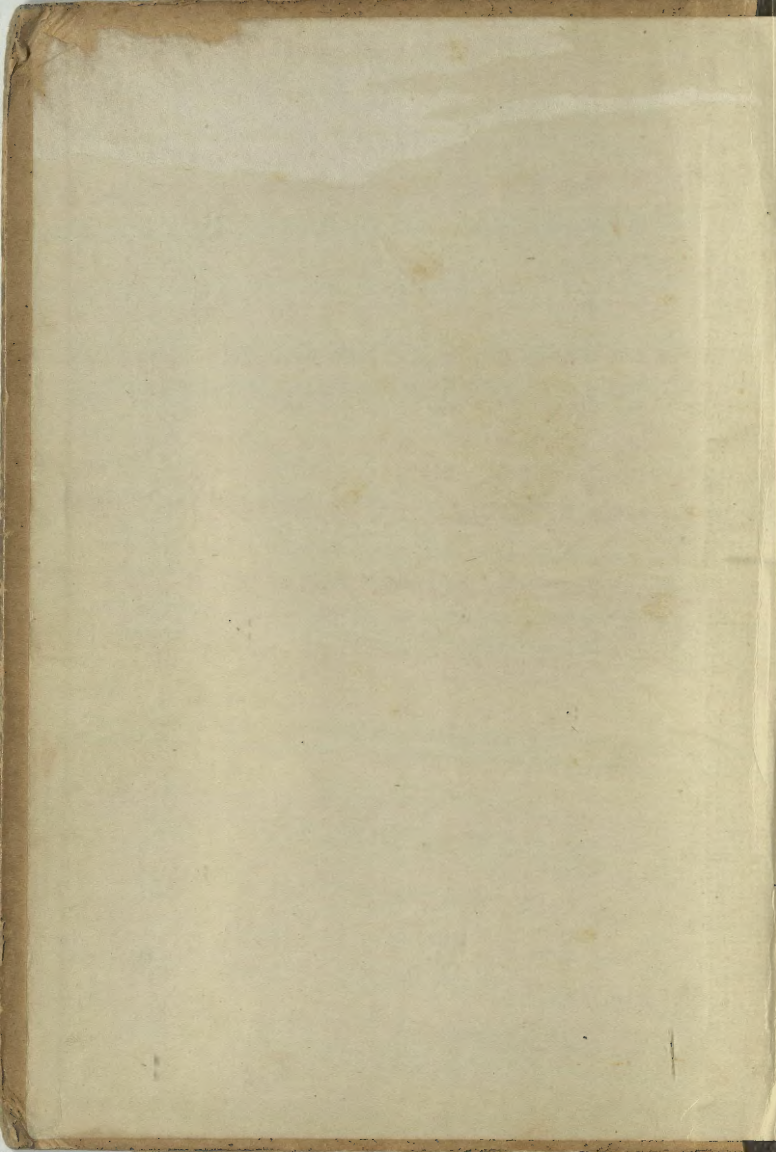
FOR CHOIR AND CONGREGATION

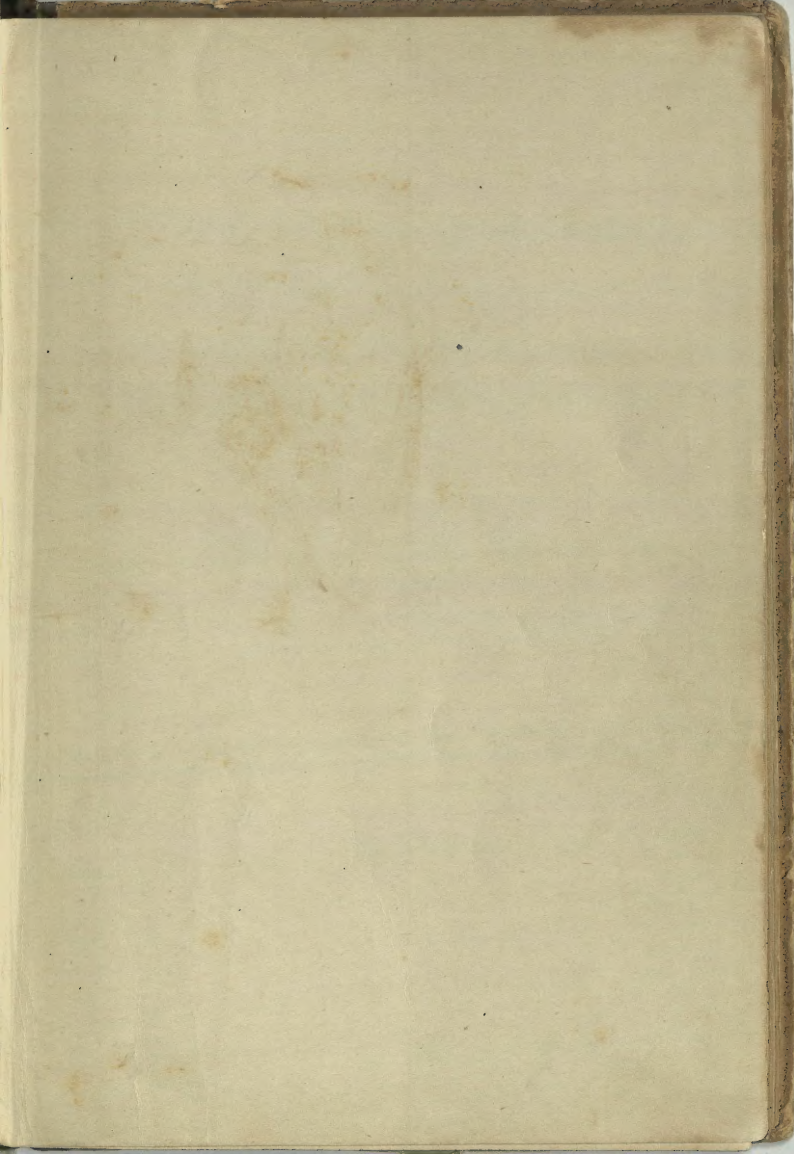
OCEAN GROVE
CHRISTIAN
SONGS

EDITORS

Bishop J.N. FitzGerald Rev. C.H. Yatman
Tali Esen Morgan

PUBLISHED FOR
THE OCEAN GROVE ASSOCIATION
OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.





Introduction

We will let the book sing for itself

—The Editors



"The Big Little Book"

Ocean Grove
Christian
Songs

Editors

Bishop J. H. Fitzgerald

President of Ocean Grove Association

Rev. Chas. H. Vatman

Leader of Young People's Meetings

Tali Esen Morgan

Director of Music at Ocean Grove

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New Jersey

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N. J.

Tali Esen Morgan

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PAPER COVERS

Single Copy, \$.15
Per One Hundred, 10.00

THOMAS KEN.

OLD HUNDRED.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low ;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

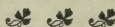
GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

OCEAN GROVE CHRISTIAN SONGS



No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

REV. JOHN. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

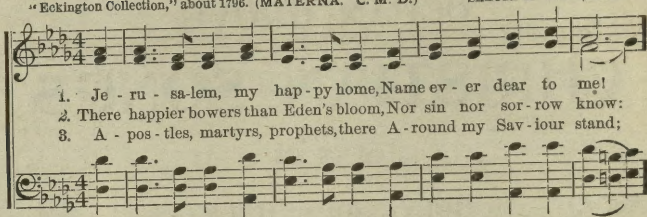
morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, i. love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

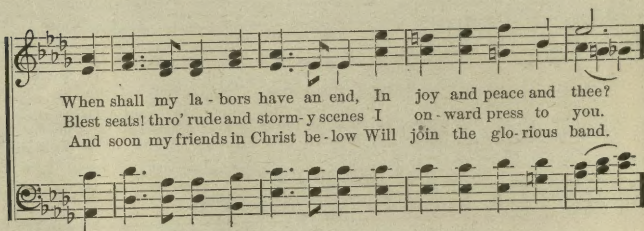
No. 2. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

"Eckington Collection," about 1796. (MATERNA. C. M. D.)

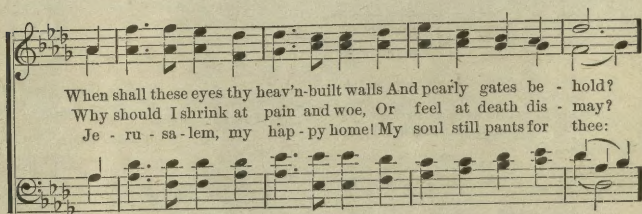
SAMUEL A. WARD, 1882.



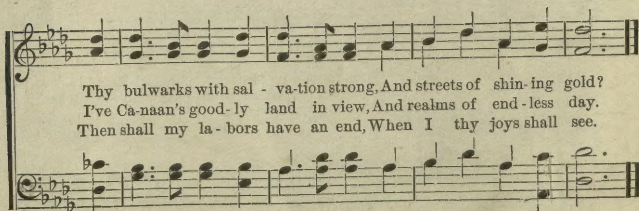
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
 2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:
 3. A - pos - tles, martyrs, prophets, there A - round my Sav - iour stand;



When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace and thee?
 Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.



When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearly gates be - hold?
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at death dis - may?
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee:



Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
 Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

No. 3.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

JAMES ELLOR.

ff

1. All hail the pow - er of Je - sus name, Let an - gels prostrate
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - ra - el's race, Ye ransomed from the
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may

fall, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem.
 fall, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 ball, On this ter - res - trial ball; To Him al ma - jes - ty a - scribe,
 fall! We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song.

REFRAIN.

Crown Him.

And Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him,
 Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him,

Crown Him,

Crown Him,

Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all.

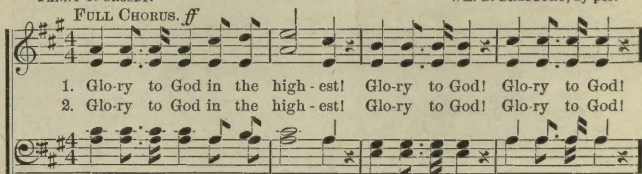
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 4. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

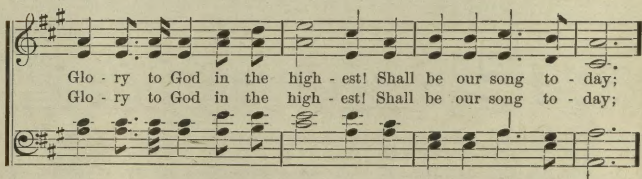
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

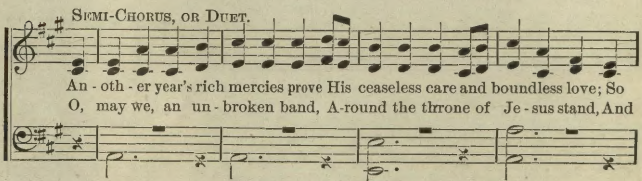


1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!
2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!

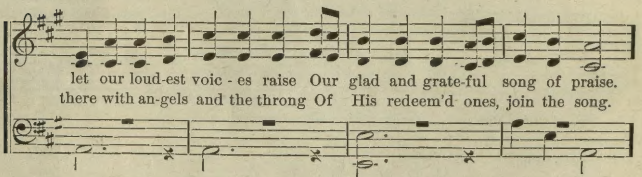


Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.

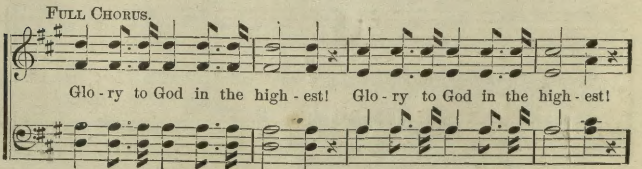


An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
O, may we, an un - broken band, A-round the throne of Je - sus stand, And



let our loud - est voic - es raise Our glad and grate - ful song of praise.
there with an - gels and the throng Of His redeem'd ones, join the song.

FULL CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

f *ff*

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

No. 5. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MONTGOMERY.

KOSCHAT.

Slowly and sustained. Alto prominent.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know;
2. Thro' the val - ley of the Shad - ow of death though I stray,

I feed in green pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
Since Thou art my Guardian no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my

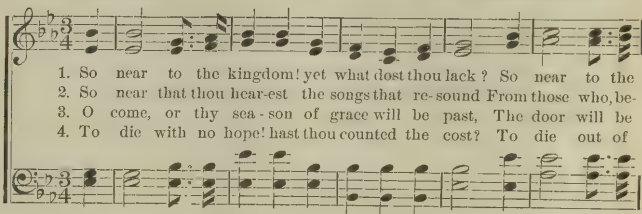
rit.

deems when oppress'd, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op - press'd.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort - er near.

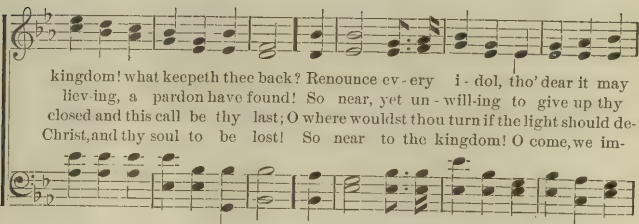
No. 6. SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

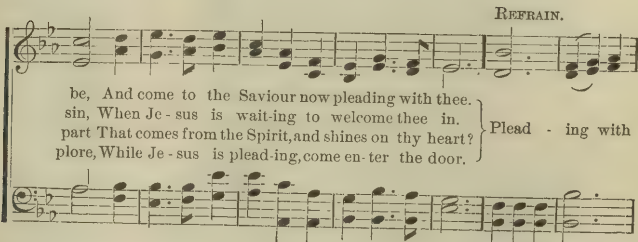


1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the
 2. So near that thou hear-est the songs that re-sound From those who, be-
 3. O come, or thy sea-son of grace will be past, The door will be
 4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of



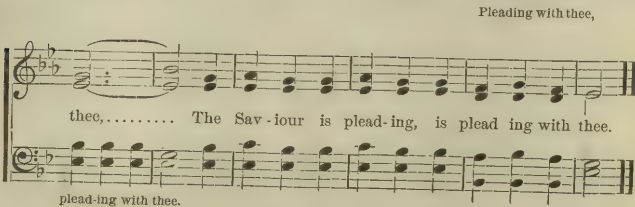
kingdom! what keepeth thee back? Renounce ev-ery i-dol, tho' dear it may
 liev-ing, a pardon have found! So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy
 closed and this call be thy last; O where wouldst thou turn if the light should de-
 Christ, and thy soul to be lost! So near to the kingdom! O come, we im-

REFRAIN.



be, And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.
 sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to welcome thee in.
 part That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart? } Plead - ing with
 plore, While Je-sus is plead-ing, come en-ter the door.

Pleading with thee,



thee,..... The Sav-iour is plead-ing, is plead ing with thee.
 plead-ing with thee.

No. 7.

JOHN NEWTON.

ZION CITY.

JOHANN SCHOPE.

Moderato.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; }
 He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode; }
 2. { See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love, }
 Still sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move: }
 3. { Round each hab-i-ta-tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap-pear, }
 For a glo-ry and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near! }

On the Rock of a-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
 Who can faint while such a riv-er Ev-er flows our thirst t' assuage?
 He who gives us dai-ly man-na, He who lis-tens when we cry,

With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
 Let Him hear the loud ho-san-na Ris-ing to His throne on high.

No. 7B.

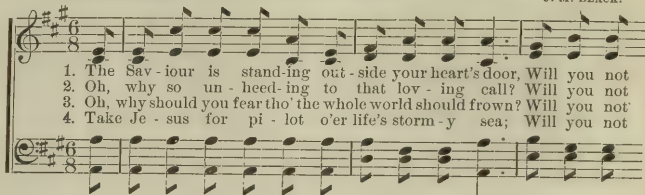
RESPONSE.

pp *sf* *pp* *sostenuto.* The "Elijah."
 O - pen the heavens and send us relief: Help, help Thy peo-ple now, O God.

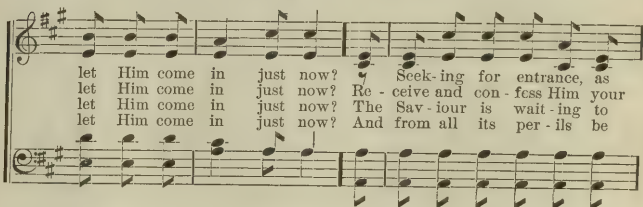
No. 8. LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

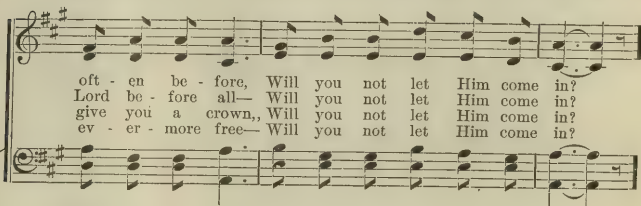
J. M. BLACK.



1. The Sav-iour is stand-ing out-side your heart's door, Will you not
 2. Oh, why so un-heed-ing to that lov-ing call? Will you not
 3. Oh, why should you fear tho' the whole world should frown? Will you not
 4. Take Je-sus for pi-lot o'er life's storm-y sea; Will you not

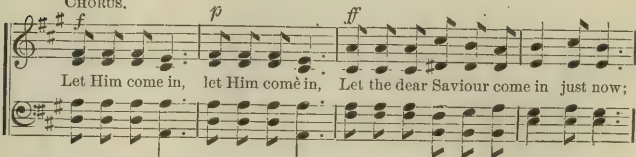


let Him come in just now? Seek-ing for entrance, as
 let Him come in just now? Re-ceive and con-fess Him your
 let Him come in just now? The Sav-iour is wait-ing to
 let Him come in just now? And from all its per-ils be

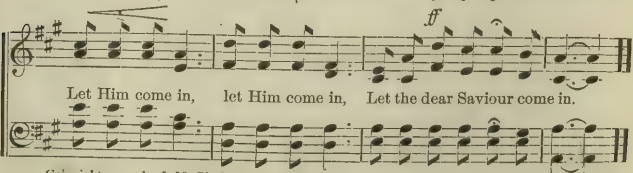


oft-en be-fore, Will you not let Him come in?
 Lord be-fore all— Will you not let Him come in?
 give you a crown,, Will you not let Him come in?
 ev-er-more free— Will you not let Him come in?

CHORUS.



Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in just now;



Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in.

No. 9.

WEARY.

SOLO, OR SOPRANO AND ALTO IN UNISON.

NEIDLINGER. (Arranged.)

1. Wea-ry, wea-ry, for rest my soul doth sigh. Longing, longing, for
 2. Wea-ry, so wea-ry, of battling sin a-lone. Cry-ing, cry-ing, for

life with God on high; Tired of bat-tles and strife.
 God to take me home; Wait-ing and striv-ing, and long-ing

CHORUS. *pp* *f*

So weary, so weary of life; Tired of battles and strife,
 for peace that does not come; Waiting and striving and long-ing

CHORUS. *pp* CHORUS. *f* *First time, SOLO.* *S: p*

So weary, so weary of life. (*Inst.*) O, troubled soul,
 for peace that does not come,

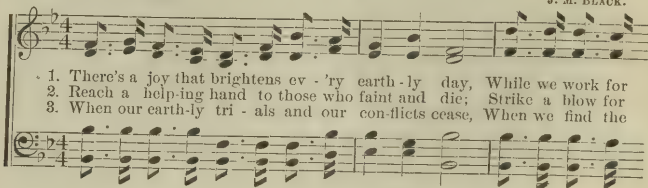
f *p.* *Legato. D.S. for CHORUS.*

fight on, fight on, Heav'n comes at last, and then all sor-row is past.

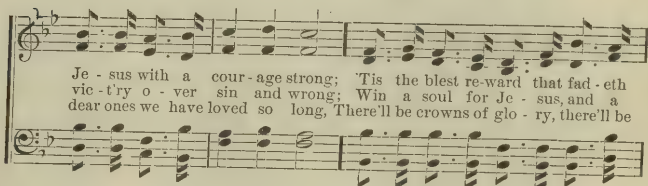
No. 10. BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. M. BLACK.



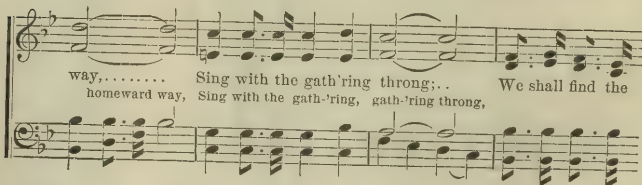
1. There's a joy that brightens ev-'ry earth-ly day, While we work for
 2. Reach a help-ing hand to those who faint and die; Strike a blow for
 3. When our earth-ly tri-als and our con-flicts cease, When we find the



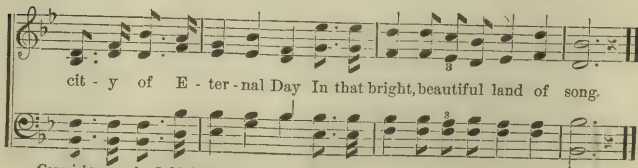
Je-sus with a cour-age strong; 'Tis the blest re-ward that fad-eth
 vic-t'ry o-ver sin and wrong; Win a soul for Je-sus, and a
 dear ones we have loved so long, There'll be crowns of glo-ry, there'll be



CHORUS.
 not a-way, In that bright, beautiful land of song.
 home on high, In that bright, beautiful land of song.
 joy and peace, In that bright, beautiful land of song. } Sing on the homeward



way,..... Sing with the gath'ring throng;.. We shall find the
 homeward way, Sing with the gath'-ring, gath'-ring throng,



cit-y of E-ter-nal Day In that bright, beautiful land of song.

No. 11. WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS.

MARTIN CLAUDIUS. (1782).

JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ

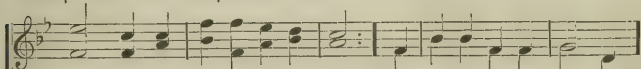
ff Allegro.



1. We plough the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the
3. We thank Thee, then, O Father, For all things bright and good, The seed-time



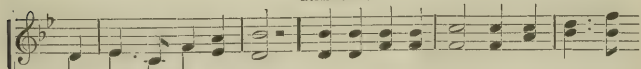
fed and watered By God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in
way-side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o -
and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food: No gifts have we to



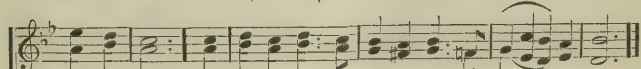
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sun - shine,
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren,
of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts, But that which Thou de - sir - est,



REFRAIN.



And soft re - fresh - ing rain. } All good gifts a - round us, Are sent from
He gives our dai - ly bread. }
Our hum - ble, thankful hearts. }



heaven a - bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all . . . His love.



No. 12.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

With gentleness.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A beau-ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free,
 2. That beau-ti - ful land, the City of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night;
 3. In vi - sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau - ti - ful gates I, too, behold
 4. The heav-en-ly throng ar-ray'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light;

The home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beautiful angels too, are there.
 The glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a - way.
 The riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The health-giving fruit of life's fair tree.
 And in one harmonious choir they praise Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

CHORUS.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti - ful land?

OPENING SENTENCE.

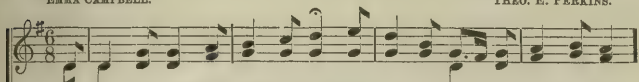
* * *

The Lord is in His ho - ly temple, Let all the earth keep silence be-fore Him!

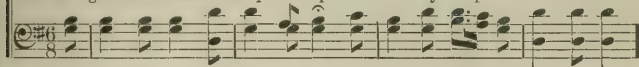
No. 13. JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

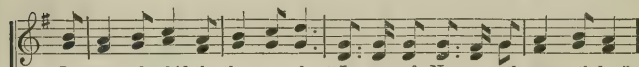
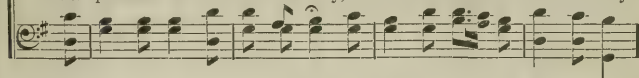
THEO. E. PERKINS.



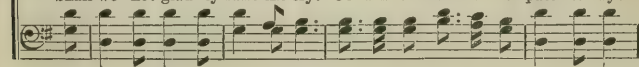
1. What means this eager anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long—
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so migh-ti-ly?
3. Je-sus! 'tis He who once be-low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. A-gain He comes! From place to place His ho-ly footprints we can trace.



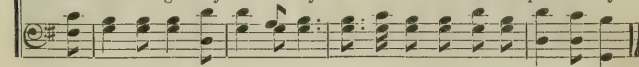
These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
 A pass ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
 And burdened ones, where'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
 He paus-eth at our thresh old—nay, He en - ters—con - de scends to stay.



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
 Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by?"



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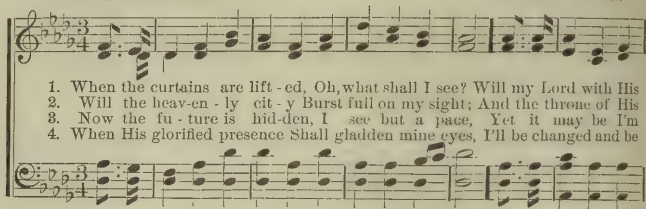
- 5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come?
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home,
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

- 6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

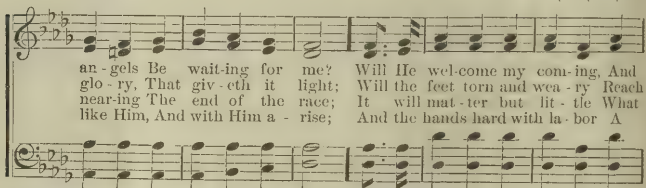
No. 14. WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

Mrs. ANNIE WHITTENMYER.

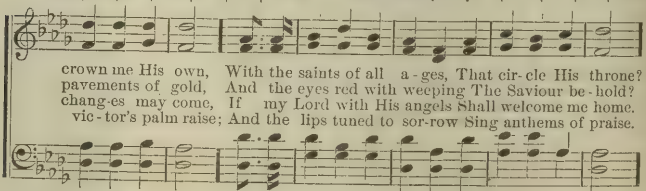
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When the curtains are lift-ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His
 2. Will the heav-en - ly cit - y Burst full on my sight; And the throne of His
 3. Now the fu - ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
 4. When His glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be

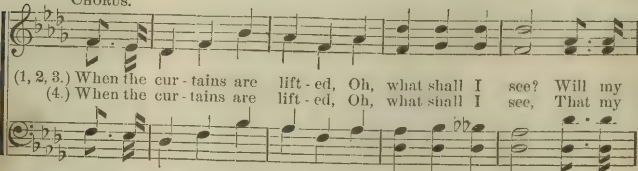


an - gels Be wait-ing for me? Will He wel-come my com-ing, And
 glo - ry, That giv - eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea - ry Reach
 near-ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What
 like Him, And with Him a - rise; And the hands hard with la - bor A

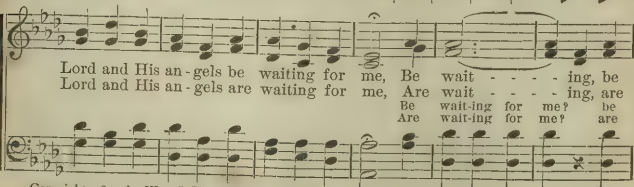


crown me His own, With the saints of all a - ges, That cir - cle His throne?
 pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Saviour be - hold?
 chang-es may come, If my Lord with His angels Shall welcome me home.
 vic - tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor-row Sing anthems of praise.

CHORUS.



(1, 2, 3.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my
 (4.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see, That my



Lord and His an - gels be waiting for me, Be wait - - - ing, be
 Lord and His an - gels are waiting for me, Are wait - - - ing, are
 Be wait-ing for me? be
 Are wait-ing for me? are

WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

ad lib.

wait - - - ing, Will my Lord and His angels be wait-ing for me?
 wait - - - ing, That my Lord and His angels are wait-ing for me!
 wait - ing for me?

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a long rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a similar rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

No. 15.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXANDER THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit-tle lambs to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

The musical score for the first system is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It features a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff.

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
 Who'll bring the lost and to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
 Hark! is the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature.

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

The chorus section of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It features a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

The final system of the musical score continues the chorus melody and accompaniment, concluding with a final chord in the bass staff.

No. 16.

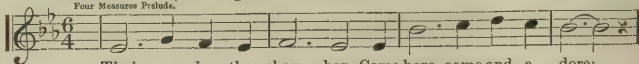
NAZARETH.

SOPRANO.

(Full original accompaniment can be used.)

CHAS. GOUNOD.

Four Measures Prelude.



Tho' poor be the cham - ber, Come here, come and a - dore:

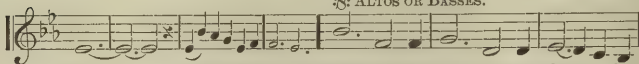


Lo! the Lord of heav - en Hath to mor - tals giv - en



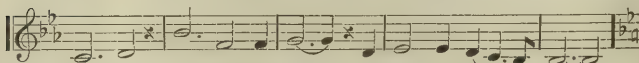
Life for-ev - er - more, Life for-ev - er - more. Life for-ev - er -

:8: ALTOS OR BASSES.



more..... Instrument.

1. Shepherds who fold - ed your flocks be-
2. Kings from a far land, draw near and be-
3. Wind to the ce - dars, proclaim the joyful

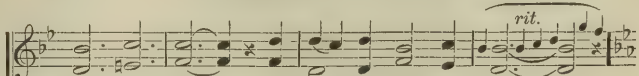


side you, Tell what was told by an - gel voi - ces near.
 hold Him, Led by the star whose war n - ing bade ye come.
 sto - ry, Wave of the sea, the tid - ings bear a - far.

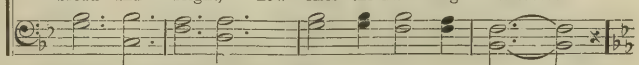
ff FULL CHORUS.

To you this night (this night) is born He who will guide you To
 Your crowns cast down,..... with robe roy - al en - fold Him, Your
 The night is gone,..... be - hold in all its glo - ry, All

To you this night is

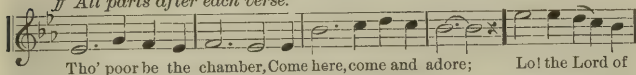


paths of peace, to liv - ing wa - ters clear.....
 king de - scends to earth from bright - er skies.....
 broad and bright, now rises the morn - ing star.....

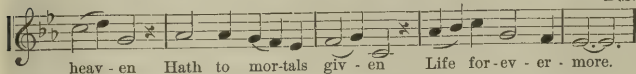


NAZARETH.

ff All parts after each verse.



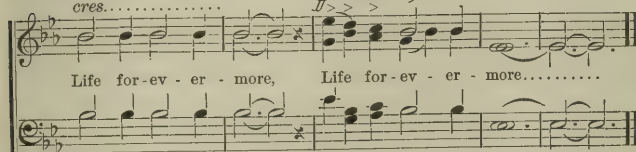
D.S.



After last verse only.

cres.

ff > rall. >



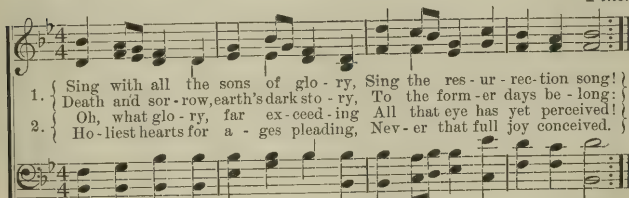
No. 17.

LIFE ETERNAL.

WM. J. IRONS.

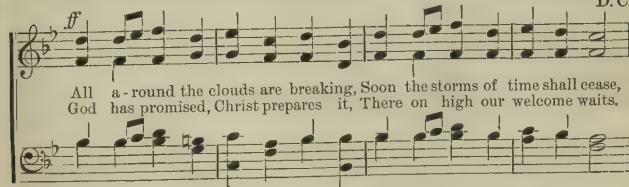
WM. L. VINER.

Fine.



D.C.—1. In God's like-ness, man a - wak-ing, Knows the ev - er - last-ing peace.
 D.C.—2. Ev - ery hum - ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed th' eter-nal gates.

D.C.



3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
 Jesus lives who once was dead;
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,
 Child of God, lift up thy head!
 Patriarchs from the distant ages,
 Saints all longing for their heaven,
 Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
 All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
 Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!
 O to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal.
 "Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

No. 18. SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

Can be used as a solo.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Lv-ing all a-round our path; Let us
 2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic, Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown: Strange that
 3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Press'd a-against the win-dow pane, Would be
 4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back To the

keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest
 we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and
 cold and stiff to-morrow— Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain— Would the bright eyes of our
 hast-y words and actions Strewn a-long our backward track! How those lit-tle hands re-

com-fort in the blessings of to-day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the
 sunshine Nev-er seem one half so fair, As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the
 darling Catch the frown up on our brow? Would the prints of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us
 mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es— For our

CHORUS.

bri-ars from the way.
 white down in the air, } Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of
 then as they do now? }
 reap-ing by and by.

ad lib.

kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 19.

THE GOSPEL BELLS.

S. W. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN. By per.

Allegro.

1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea; Blessed
 2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not
 3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide, Bearing

news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me. 'For God so loved the
 slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. 'I am the bread of
 notes of perfect pardon, Thro' a Saviour cru-ci-fied. "Good tidings of great

world That His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-
 life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul; Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall
 joy To all peo-ple I do bring. Un-to you is born a Saviour, Which is

CHORUS.

lasting life shall have." } Gospel bells, how they ring, Over land from sea to
 be as white as wool." } Gospel bells, how they ring,
 Christ, the Lord and King."

sea; Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me,
 Gos-pel bells, free-ly bring

No. 20:

O BEAUTIFUL LAND.

MAY MAURICE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O beau - ti - ful land, where the weary shall rest! O glorious a - bode, happy
 2. O mansions of light, where no clouds intervene! O pastures of love, with your
 3. O wide spreading trees, with your soft, cooling shade! O rich - la - den fields, in your
 4. O glo - ri - fied throng at Im - man - u - el's feet! O rap - tur - ous song that His

home of the blest! O Sav - iour of souls! let me there be Thy guest, How
 ver - dure so green! O riv - ers of joy, flowing round the bright scene, How
 beau - ty ar - rayed! O rare - scent - ed flow'rs, blooming never to fade! How
 prais - es re - peat! O won - der - ful love! all in Christ made complete, How

CHORUS.

sweet it will be to be there.
 sweet it must be to be there.
 sweet it must be to be there. } How sweet to be there! how sweet to be there! Where
 sweet it must be to be there.

all is so love - ly and fair, Not a sor - row shall come to that

beau - ti - ful home, How sweet it will be to be there.
 to be there.

No. 21. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145 A. D.

ALEX. EWING.

p *cres.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy con - tem -
2. There is the throne of David; And there from care released, The shout of them that
3. O sweet and blessed country. The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed

p *f*

pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed. I know not O I know not What triumph, The song of them that feast. And they who with their lead - er Have country, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

ff *p*

joys await us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare. conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white. that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ev - er blest.

No. 22. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

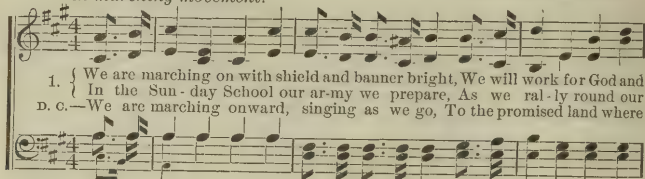
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye, benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; O hear ye Him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. To - day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. To - day the Saviour calls; Yield to His power, O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

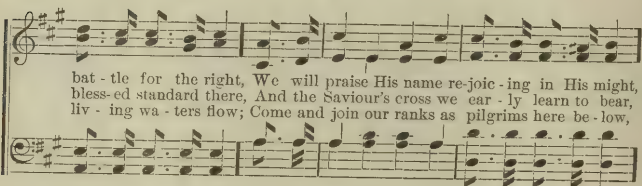
No. 23. WITH SHIELD AND BANNER BRIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

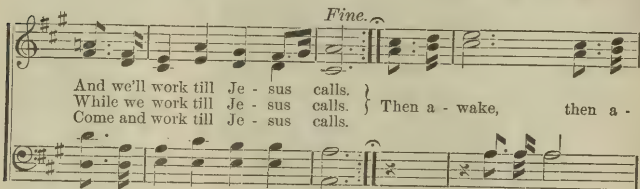
In marching movement.



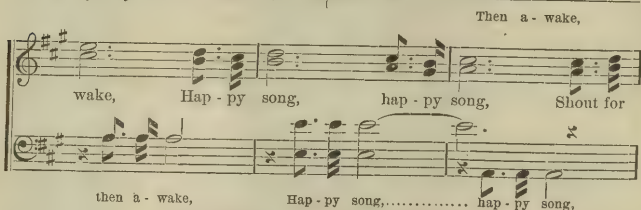
1. { We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and
In the Sun-day School our ar-my we prepare, As we ral-ly round our
D. C.—We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where



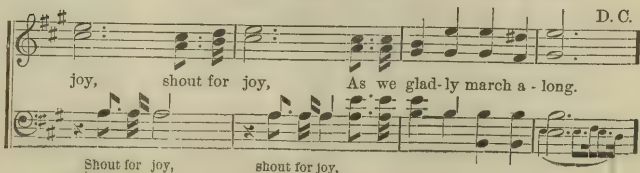
bat-tle for the right, We will praise His name re-joic-ing in His might,
bless-ed standard there, And the Saviour's cross we ear-ly learn to bear,
liv-ing wa-ters flow; Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be-low,



Fine.
And we'll work till Je-sus calls. } Then a-wake, then a-
While we work till Je-sus calls. }
Come and work till Je-sus calls. }



Then a-wake,
wake, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Shout for
then a-wake, Hap-py song,..... hap-py song,



D. C.
joy, shout for joy, As we glad-ly march a-long.
Shout for joy, shout for joy,

WITH SHIELD AND BANNER BRIGHT.

2.

We are marching on, our, Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

3.

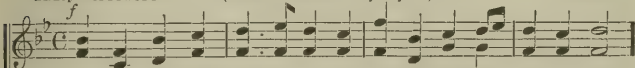
We are marching on the straight and narrow way
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize.
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

No. 24. SEE THE CONQUEROR.

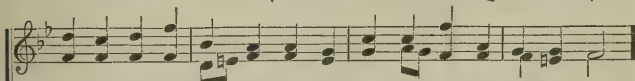
Bishop WORDSWORTH.

(REX GLORIAE. 3. 7. 8. 7. D.)

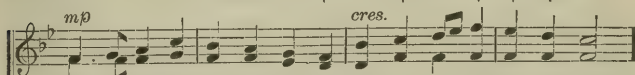
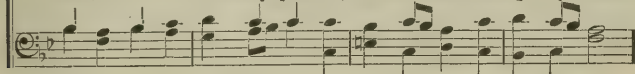
H. SMART.



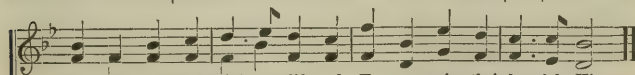
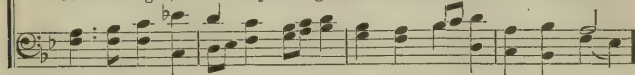
1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph; See the King in roy-al state,
2. Who is this that comes in glo-ry, With the trump of ju-bi-lee?
3. Thou hast raised our hu-man na-ture In the clouds to God's right hand;



Rid-ing on the clouds, His char-iot, To His heavenly pal-ace gate.
Lord of bat-tles, God of ar-mies, He has gained the vic-to-ry:
There we sit in heav-enly pla-ces, There with Thee in glo-ry stand:



Hark! the choirs of an-gel voi-ces Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,
He who on the cross did suf-fer, He who from the grave a-rose,
Je-sus reigns, a-dored by an-gels, Man with God is on the throne;



And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King.
He has vanquished sin and Sa-tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
Might-y Lord, in Thine as-cen-sion We by faith be-hold our own.

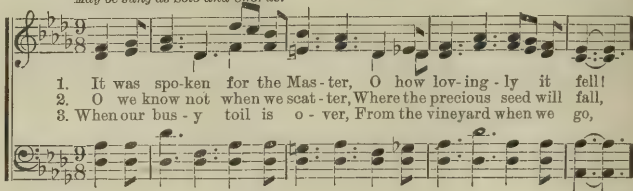


No. 25. IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

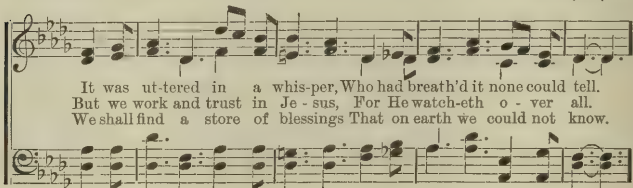
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

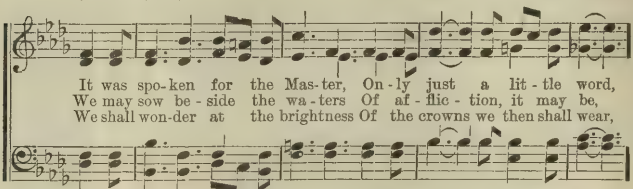
May be sung as Solo and Chorus.



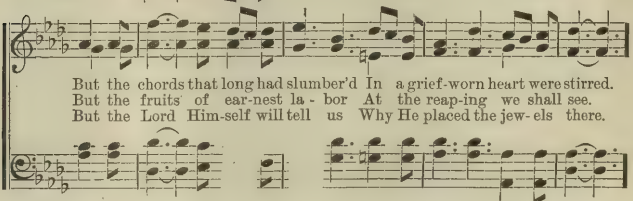
1. It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ing - ly it fell!
 2. O we know not when we scat-ter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,
 3. When our bus - y toil is o - ver, From the vineyard when we go,



It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breath'd it none could tell.
 But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watch-eth o - ver all.
 We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.

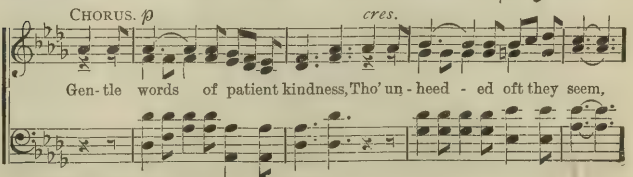


It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,
 We may sow be - side the wa - ters Of af - flic - tion, it may be,
 We shall won - der at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



But the chords that long had slumber'd In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
 But the fruits of ear-nest la - bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
 But the Lord Him-self will tell us Why He placed the jew - els there.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.*



Gen - tle words of pa-tient kindness, Tho' un - heed - ed oft they seem,

IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

Musical score for 'IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) section, and ends with a *Rall.* (Ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.'

No. 26.

PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON.

(ELLERS, 10. 10. 10. 10.)

E. J. HOPKINS.

Musical score for 'PARTING HYMN.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a *cres.* (Crescendo) marking. The lyrics are: '1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, Thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in

Musical score for 'PARTING HYMN.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a *f* (forte) marking. The lyrics are: 'cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand, to bless Thee,
gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger
sor-row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

Musical score for 'PARTING HYMN.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a *dim.* (Diminuendo) marking, followed by a piano (*p*) section, and ends with a *pp* (Pianissimo) marking. The lyrics are: 'ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

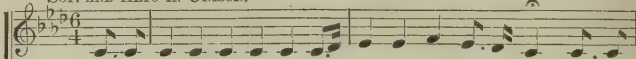
No. 27.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

MRS. C. H. M.

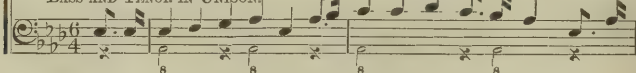
MRS. C. H. MORRIS,

SOP. AND ALTO IN UNISON.

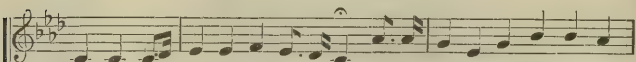


1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-der-ful, From our
2. And it tells of the beau-ti-ful cit-y of jas-per walls, With its
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes I may
4. So I'm watching and waiting un-til He shall call for me, And the

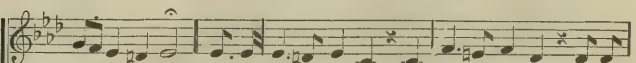
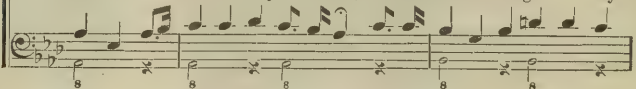
BASS AND TENOR IN UNISON.



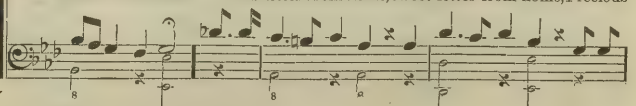
Fa-ther a-bove to His chil-dren be-low; And it tells me His
bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the
cast up-on Him ev-'ry bur-den and care, And my heart strangely
sound of His voice I am long-ing to hear; Then my spir-it shall



heart is still ten-der and mer-ci-ful, That His love not a shad-ow of
sun, for the shade of night nev-er falls, And these mani-fold splen-dors I
warms when I feel that my Father knows; That His arms are a-round me, my
rise, ev-er-more with my Lord to be, And the word He has giv'n is my



changing can know, O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
soon shall be-hold. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
tri-als to share. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
comfort while here. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious



A LETTER FROM HOME.

rit...... CHORUS. *ff*

let - ter from "home, sweet home." Then let prais-es be giv'n to our

Fa - ther in heav'n, For His wonderful message from home;..... There is
"home, sweet home;"

cres. *p* *pp*
naught in this world half so dear to my heart, As this let - ter from "home, sweet home."
from "home, sweet home."

No. 28. JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

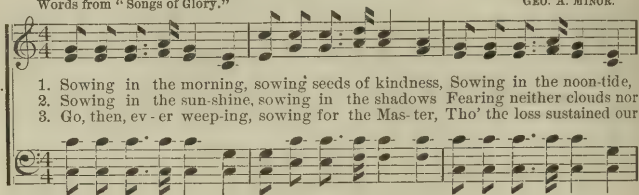
p
1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo, He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
4. O how sweet the touch of pow'r Comes—it is sal - va - tion's hour:

cres. *p* *rit.*
As the precious mo - ments flee, Cry, Be mer - ci - ful to me!
Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

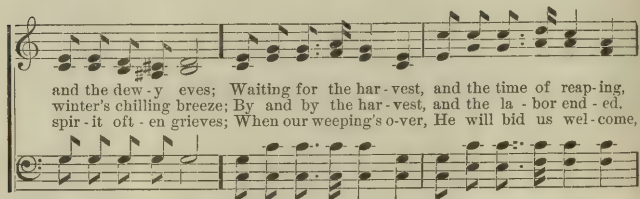
No. 29. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

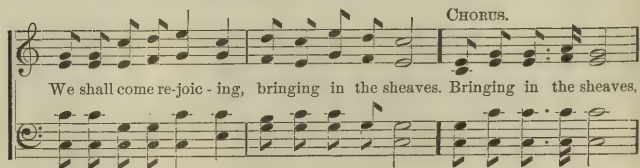
GEO. A. MINOR.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

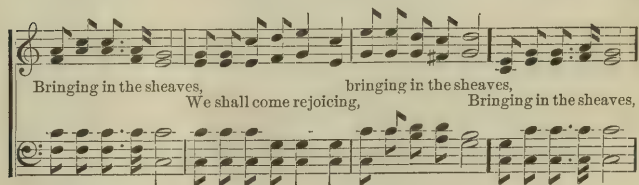


and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

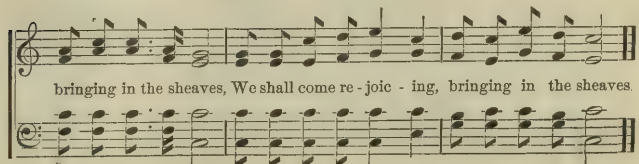


CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,



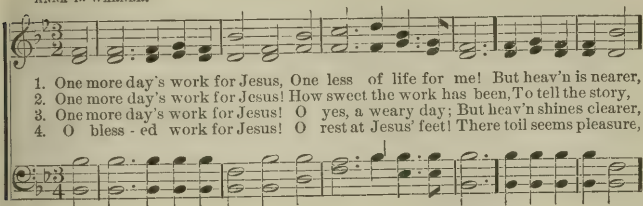
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 30. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

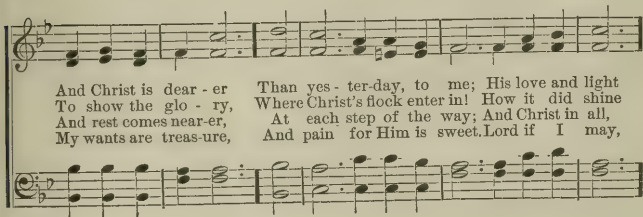
(EDINBURGH. 7, 6, 5, 4.)

ANNA B. WARNER.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

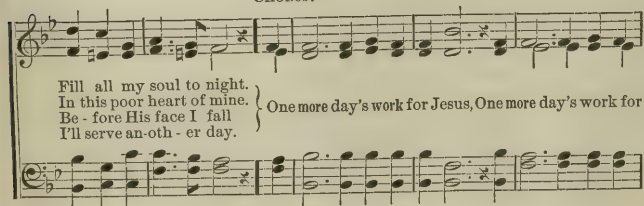


1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer,
 2. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the story,
 3. One more day's work for Jesus! O yes, a weary day; But heav'n shines clearer,
 4. O bless-ed work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure,

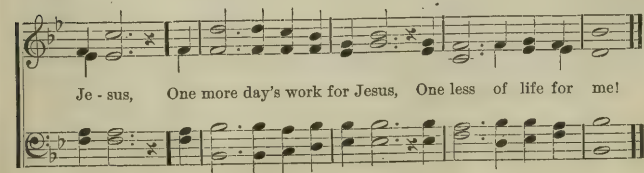


And Christ is dear-er Than yes-ter-day, to me; His love and light
 To show the glo-ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine
 And rest comes near-er, At each step of the way; And Christ in all,
 My wants are treas-ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord if I may,

CHORUS.



Fill all my soul to night.
 In this poor heart of mine. } One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for
 Be-fore His face I fall
 I'll serve an-oth-er day.



Je-sus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!

No. 31.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

CARDINAL JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

pp *f* *pp*

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

ff legato.

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

dim. *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 32.

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN.

BISHOP HEBER.

REV S. B. HODGES.

1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed;

By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead.
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

No. 33.

JESUS SHALL REIGN.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

KARL WILHELM.

ff Boldly.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet
ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue

To pay their hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voic - - es

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 34.

REST, SWEET REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

f *p* *f*

1. Hark! from the joy-land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest; Breath'd by a soft harp
 2. Still from the joy-land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest; There where the life-tree
 3. Soon in the joy-land we shall know Rest, sweet rest; Home where the blue waves

p *f*

all day long, Rest, sweet rest. Out of the pearl-gates bright and fair,
 fruits a-bound, Rest, sweet rest. Haste to the love-lit skies a-way,
 mur-mur low, Rest, sweet rest. Rest where the spring-time buds are strown,

Borne on a sun-beam thro' the air, Song of the toil-worn
 Haste where the vine leaves ne'er de-cay, Faith on her light wings
 Rest where the dear ones all have flown, Rest where the lone heart

ff *p* CHORUS.

ev-ry-where, Rest, sweet rest. } Rest, sweet rest, hal-lowed
 joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
 finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.

ff *p*

rest, Song for the toil-worn ev-ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.

No. 35. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(PENITENCE 6. 5 6. 5.)

SPENCER LANE.

p Legato.

cres.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil and woe, Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

dim.

p

I de-part from Thee; When Thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re-
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - membrance Sad Gethsem-a-
On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mortal

f

dim.

mp rall.

call,.... Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne,.... Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crown'd Cal - va - ry.
see;.... Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife,... Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 36. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Very quietly.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Give us this
And lead us not into temptation, but

hal - lowed be Thy name;
day our dai - ly bread;
deliv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever. A - - MEN.

No. 37.

FORWARD!

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAY TULLAR.

Animato.

1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev - er fal-ter
 2. Satan's fearful onslaughts cannot make us yield, While we trust in Christ, our
 3. Let our glorious ban-ner ev - er be unfurled— From its mighty stronghold
 4. Fierce the bat-tle ra - ges, but 'twill not be long, Then triumph-ant shall we

when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous purpose we may nev - er know,
 Buck-ler and our Shield; Pressing ev - er on—the Spirit's sword we wield,
 e - vil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty Cap-tain, o - vercomes the world,
 join the blessed throng, Joy - ful - ly u - nit - ing in the vic-tor's song—

CHORUS.

Yet we'll fol-low all the way.
 And we fol-low all the way. } Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command;
 And we fol-low all the way.
 If we fol-low all the way.

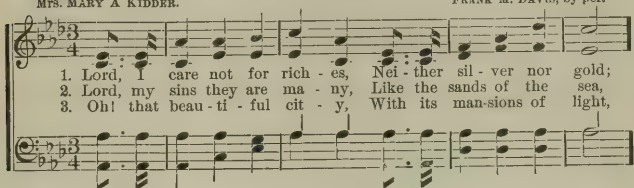
For-ward! for-ward! to the promised land; For-ward! for-ward!

let the cho - rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

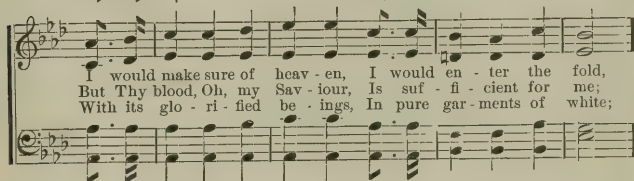
No.38. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE.

Mrs. MARY A KIDDER.

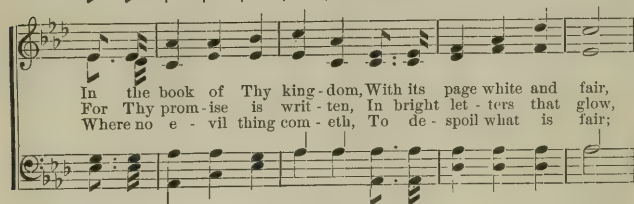
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



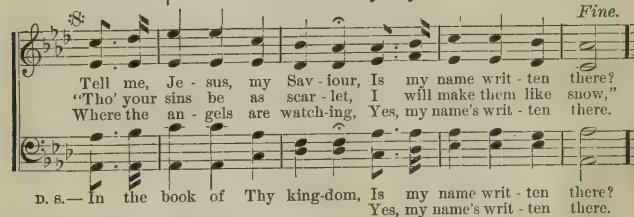
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light,



I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
 But Thy blood, Oh, my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;

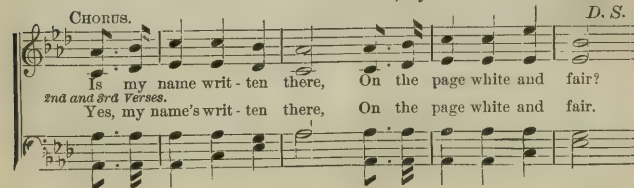


In the book of Thy king - dom, With its page white and fair,
 For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;



Fine.
 Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
 'Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow,"
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

D. S. — In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there.



CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
2nd and 3rd Verses.
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair.

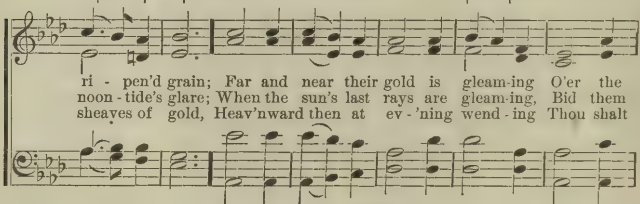
No. 39. THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON.
Spirited.

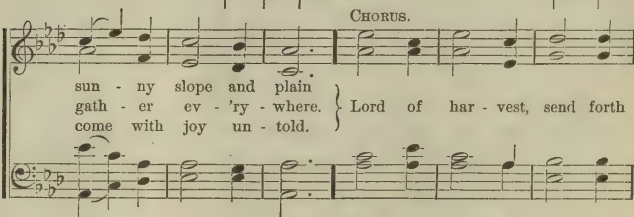
J. B. O. CLEMM.



1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the
3. O thou, whom Thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the

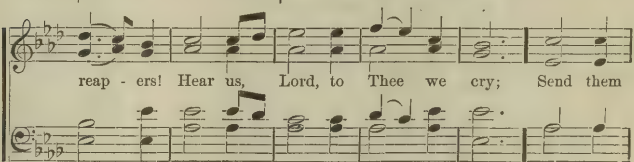


ri - pen'd grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing O'er the
noon - tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing. Bid them
sheaves of gold, Heav'nward then at ev - ning wend - ing Thou shalt

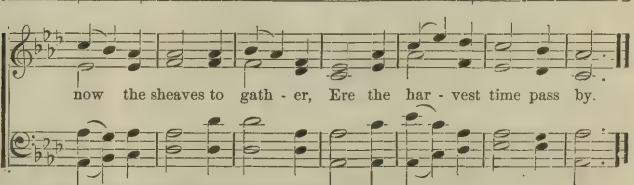


CHORUS.

sun - ny slope and plain
gath - er ev - 'ry - where. } Lord of har - vest, send forth
come with joy un - told.



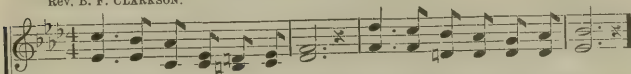
reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them



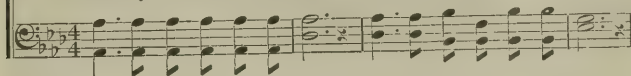
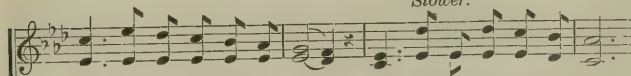
now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

Rev. B. F. CLARKSON.

J. M. BLACK.



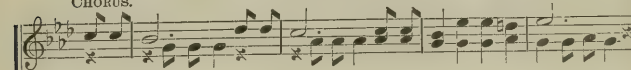
1. When the skies are clear and bright, And my pathway gleams with light;
2. In my struggles for the right, In the darkness of the night,
3. In my ef-forts to be true, While I strive His will to do,
4. When my loved ones fade and die, And no stars are in the sky,

*Slower.*

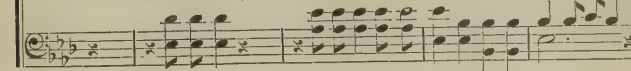
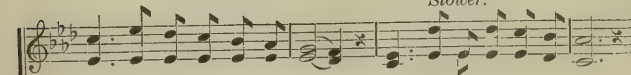
When the gen-tle breez-es blow, God is with me, this I know.
 When the tempests rude-ly blow, God is with me, this I know.
 When, where du-ty calls, I go, God is with me, this I know.
 When night cov-ers all be-low, God is with me, this I know.



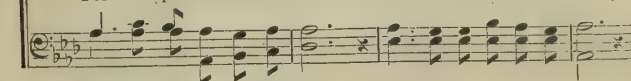
CHORUS.



This I know, this I know, God is with me, this I know,
 This I know, this I know, this I know, this I know,

*Slower.*

For His promise tells me so, God is with me, this I know.

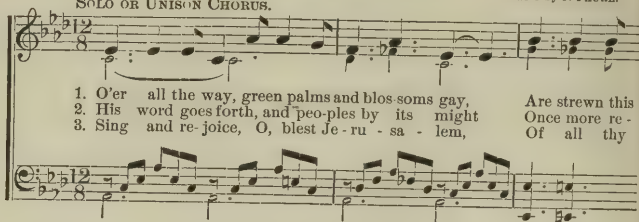


No. 41.

PALM BRANCHES.

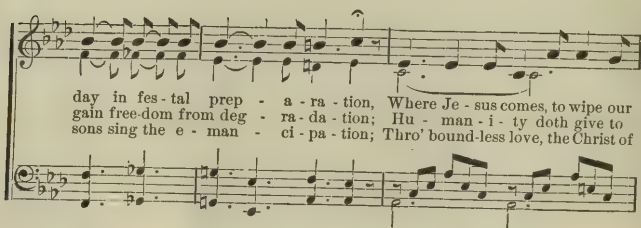
SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.

Music by J. FAURE.

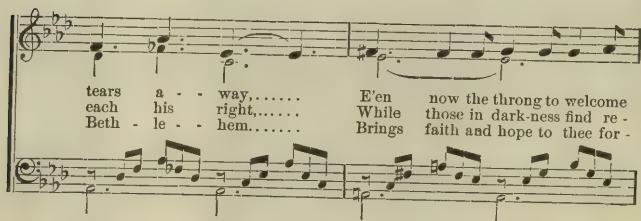


1. O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay,
 2. His word goes forth, and peoples by its might
 3. Sing and rejoice, O, blest Je-ru-sa-lem,

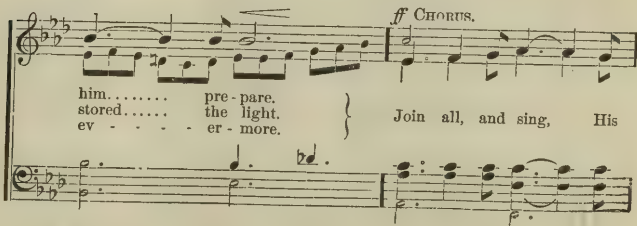
Are strewn this
 Once more re-
 Of all thy



day in fes-tal prep-a-ra-tion, Where Je-sus comes, to wipe our
 gain free-dom from deg-ra-da-tion; Hu-man-i-ty doth give to
 sons sing the e-man-ci-pa-tion; Thro' bound-less love, the Christ of



tears a-way,..... E'en now the throng to welcome
 each his right,..... While those in dark-ness find re-
 Beth-le-hem,..... Brings faith and hope to thee for



him..... pre-pare.
 stored..... the light.
 ev..... er-more.

ff CHORUS.
 Join all, and sing, His

PALM BRANCHES.

SOLO OR UNISON.

name de-clare, Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with ac - - cla-ma - tion.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Ho - san - - - na! praised be the Lord!

*Last time go to **

Bless Him who cometh to bring us sal - va -

Prelude and Interlude.

tion!

*D.C. **

tion!

No. 43.

THAT HOLY CITY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

TALI ESEN MORGAN.

Not too fast.

1. We are press-ing toward a coun-try where the sur-ges nev-er roll,
 2. Oh, how oft-en we grow wea-ry as we press time's rugged road,
 3. So we'll strive to do our du-ty till our bat-tles here are o'er,

Where the storm clouds nev-er gath-er o'er the home land of the soul;
 And at times the cross seems heav-y as we bend be-neath our load;
 And we'll do our best for Je-sus till our feet shall press the shore;

There we'll see our bless-ed Sav-iour in His roy-al di-a-dem,
 But we know that o-ver yon-der we for-ev-er-more shall rest,
 Then we'll sail for that fair coun-try just a-cross the Ocean's foam,

When we reach that Ho-ly Cit-y call'd "the new Je-ru-sa-lem."
 When we reach that Ho-ly Cit-y in those man-sions of the blest.
 And with-in that Ho-ly Cit-y we will find our bless-ed home.

CHORUS.

O that blessed Ho-ly Cit-y, we shall see it by and
 O that blessed Ho-ly Cit-y, we shall

THAT HOLY CITY.

by, yes, by and by, That e - ter - nal Ho - ly Cit - y
see it by and by, That e - - - ter - nal Ho - ly Cit - y

Rit. There we'll join with saints and
that a - waits us in the sky, awaits us in the sky; There we'll join with

an - gels, and our Sav - iour's prais - es sing,
saints and an - gels, and our Sav - iour's prais - es sing,
prais - es sing,.....

In the pal - ace of the King.
When we reach that Holy Cit - y, In the pal - ace of the King.
When we reach that Holy Cit - y, Ho - ly Cit - y.

No. 44.

RESPONSE.

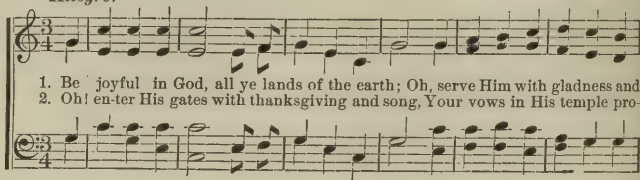
'MENDELSSOHN.

Andante sostenuto.
He that shall endure to the end, Shall be sav - ed. A - - men, A - - men.

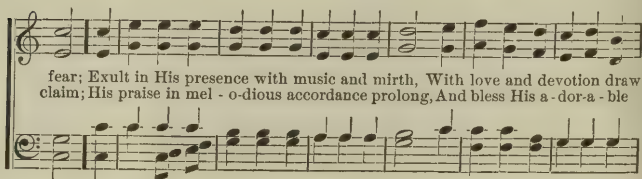
No. 45.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

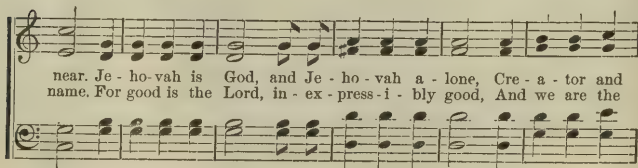
WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.

Allegro.


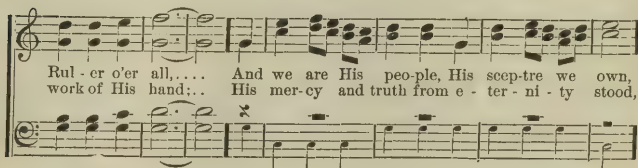
1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve Him with gladness and
2. Oh! en-ter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His temple pro-



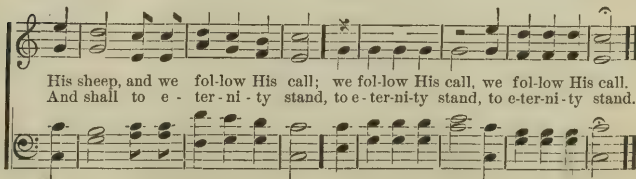
fear; Exult in His presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw
claim; His praise in mel-o-dious accord-ance prolong, And bless His a-dor-a-ble



near. Je-ho-vah is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre-a-tor and
name. For good is the Lord, in-ex-press-i-bly good, And we are the



Rul-er o'er all, . . . And we are His peo-ple, His scep-tre we own,
work of His hand; . . . His mer-cy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood,



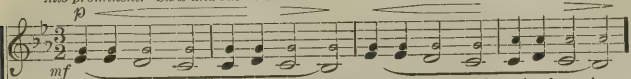
His sheep, and we fol-low His call; we fol-low His call,
And shall to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to e-ter-ni-ty stand.

No. 46.

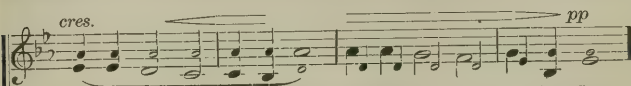
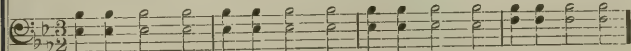
THE WEEPING MOTHER.

Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER.

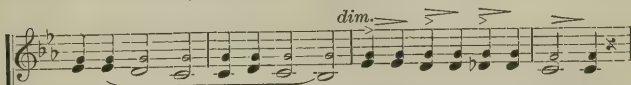
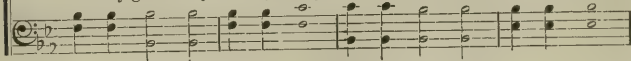
Arr. by TALI ESEN MORGAN.

Alto prominent. Slow and sustained.

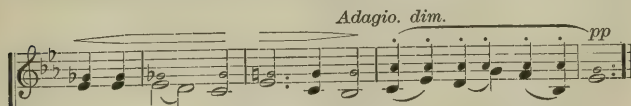
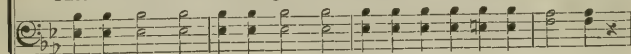
1. Near the Cross was Ma-ry weep-ing, There her mournful station keep-ing,
2. But we have no need to bor-row Motives from the mother's sor-row,
3. When no eye its pit-y gave us, Where there was no arm to save us,
4. Je-sus, may Thy love constrain us, That from sin we may re-frain us,



Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son, Gaz-ing on her dy-ing Son;
 At our Saviour's Cross to mourn, At our Saviour's Cross to mourn;
 He His love and power displayed, He His love and power displayed;
 In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve, In Thy griefs may deep-ly grieve;



There in speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
 'Twas our sins bro't Him from heav-en, These the cru-el nails had driv-en,
 By His stripes He wrought our healing, By His death, our life re-veal-ing,
 Thee our best af-fectious giv-ing, To Thy glo-ry ev-er liv-ing,



Thro' her soul the sword had gone, Thro' her soul the sword had gone.
 All His griefs for us were borne, All His griefs for us were borne.
 He for us the ran-som paid, He for us the ran-som paid.
 May we in Thy glo-ry live, May we in Thy glo-ry live.



NOTE—Tenor may sing (mezzo voce) with altos.

No. 47. SAVIOUR, COME IN TO-DAY.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in to - day;
 2. Make me a tem-ple all ho-ly with-in, Saviour, come in to - day;
 3. Come and illumine my soul with Thy light, Saviour, come in to - day:

Tho' I have grieved Thee, O do not depart Saviour, come in to - day.
 Grant me forgiveness and cleanse me from sin, Saviour, come in to - day.
 Shine on my darkness, and all will be bright, Saviour, come in to - day.

Wea-ry of sin, hea-vy - la-den, op-pressed, Seek-ing Thy mer-cy and
 Come in and teach me to know Thy will; Help me to trust in Thy
 Teach me Thy patience, and help me to know Some of the joys of Thy

longing for rest; En-ter my heart that I too may be blest,
 love and be still; Guard me, and keep me se-cure from all ill, } Saviour, come
 heav-en be - low: More and more I in Thy likeness would grow,

CHORUS.

in to - day.... Saviour, come in,..... Saviour, come in;
 Saviour, come in,

SAVIOUR, COME IN TO-DAY.

..... Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in, to-day.
Saviour, come in;

No. 48.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God the Son for-
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my
4. Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-

CHORUS.

hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
ever reigns, And scatters night a - way. } We will rest in the fair and hap-py
Father's face, And in His bo - som rest?
round me roll, Fearless I'd launch a - way.

land, Just a - cross on the ev - ergreen shore; Sing the
by and by, ev - ergreen shore;

song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev - er - more.

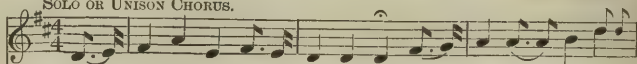
No. 49.

O COME TO MY HEART.

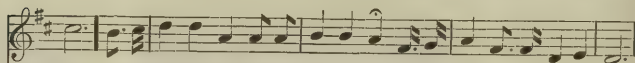
MRS. E. E. S. ELLIOT.

J. N. BROWN.

SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.



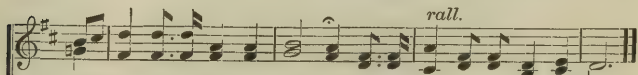
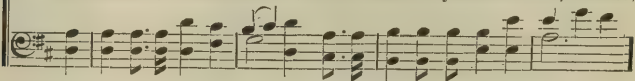
1. Thou did'st leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for
2. Heavens arch-es rang, when the an-gels sang, Proclaiming Thy roy-al de-
3. Thou cam-est Lord, with the liv-ing word, That should set Thy peo-ple
4. When the heav'ns shall ring, and the an-gels sing At Thy com-ing vic-to-



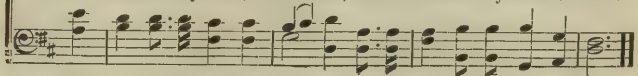
me; But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room, For Thy holy Na-tiv-i-ty.
gree: But in lowly birth Thou did'st come to earth And in greatest hu-mil-i-ty.
free; But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal-va-ry.
ry, Thou wilt call me home, saying, "Yet there's room, there is room at My side for Thee."



O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee, for Thee;



O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.



No. 50. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(President McKinley's Favorite Hymn)

LOWELL MASON.

p *S: p*

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Fine. *mf* *D.S.*

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee;
Near-er to Thee!

The second verse may be sung by a solo voice or by the choir to this music. For prelude play from the sign (S) to *Fine*.

S:

2. Tho', like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver-me,
D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Fine. *D.S.*

My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee.
Near-er to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

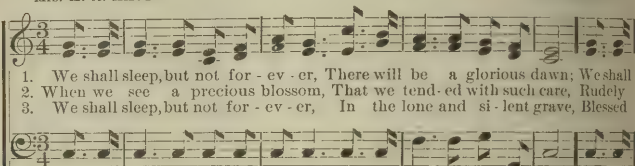
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

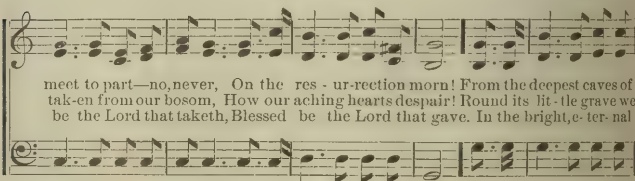
No. 51. WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

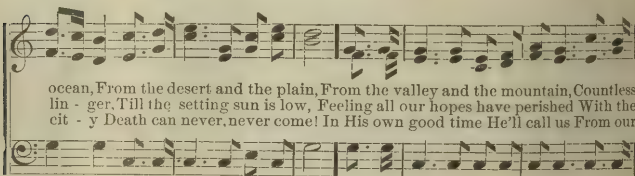
S. J. VAIL.



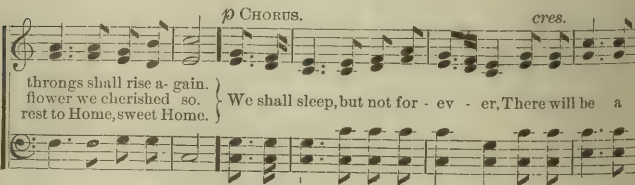
1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall
 2. When we see a precious blossom, That we tend - ed with such care, Rudely
 3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave, Blessed



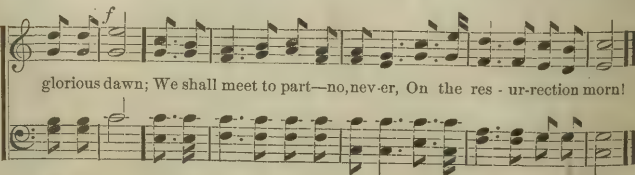
meet to part—no, never, On the res - ur-rection morn! From the deepest caves of
 tak-en from our bosom, How our aching hearts despair! Round its lit - tle grave we
 be the Lord that taketh, Blessed be the Lord that gave. In the bright, e - ter - nal



ocean, From the desert and the plain, From the valley and the mountain, Countless
 lin - ger, Till the setting sun is low, Feeling all our hopes have perished With the
 cit - y Death can never, never come! In His own good time He'll call us From our



p CHORUS. *cres.*
 throngs shall rise a - gain. }
 flower we cherished so. } We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a
 rest to Home, sweet Home. }



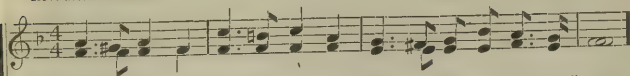
glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, nev - er, On the res - ur-rection morn!

No. 52.

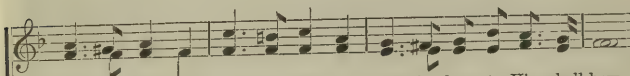
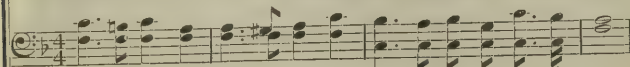
CROWN THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

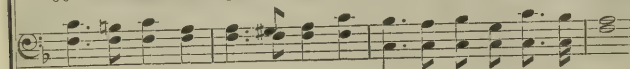
Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



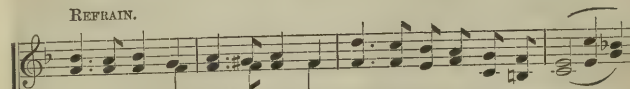
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of sor-rows" now,
2. Crown the Saviour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je - sus brings,
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma-tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords!



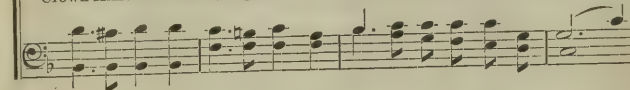
From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!



REFRAIN.



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



No. 53.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

John 14 : 2.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

May be sung as a solo.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far - a - way
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright, jas - per
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
 walls I can see; 'Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be -
 Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He
 sor - row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no
 tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; 'Till I
 holdeth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

storms ev - er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eter - ni - ty roll.
 fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
 King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hand.
 songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

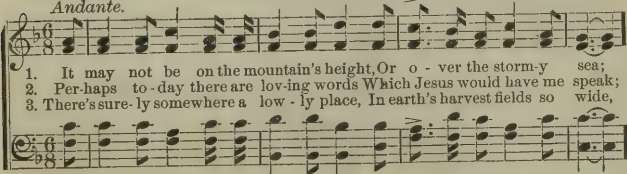
No. 54. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME.

MARY BROWN.

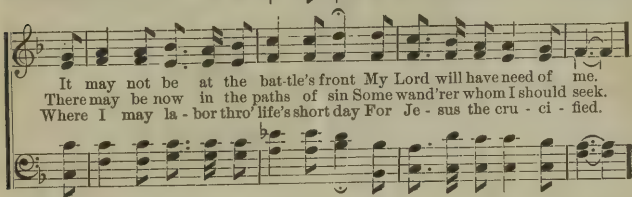
(CONSECRATION.)

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

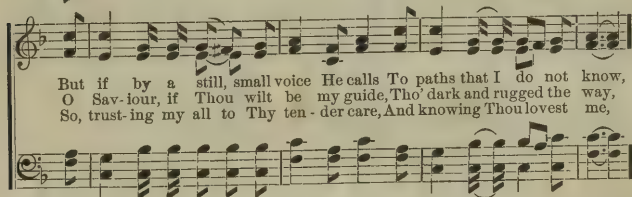
Andante.



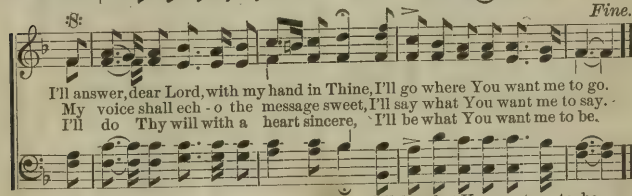
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me.
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'r'er whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So, trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

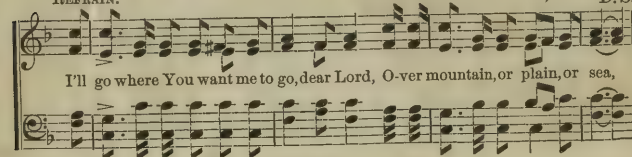


Fine.
 I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what You want me to be.

D.S. — I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea,


No. 55.

WHEN WE GET HOME.


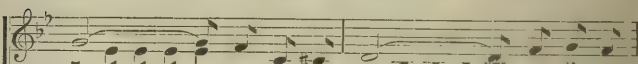
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

TALI ESEN MORGAN.

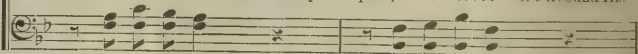
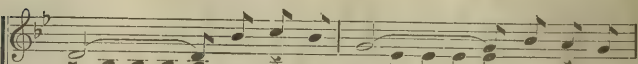
SOLO OR SOP. IN UNISON.



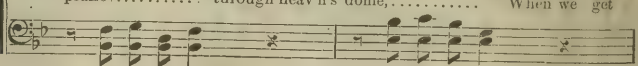
1. Be-yond us lies..... a fair-er shore..... Where we will
 Beyond us lies a fair-er shore,
 2. When there at last..... we furl our sail,..... And brave no
 3. We there will find..... the friends we know..... Who left our
 4. We'll see our Lord..... and Saviour there,..... Who did for

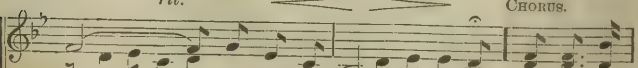
meet..... when life is o'er,..... There we will
 Where we will meet when life is o'er,
 more..... the rag - ing gale,..... No storm-y
 side..... long years a - go,..... With them the
 us..... that home pre - pare,..... We'll sound His

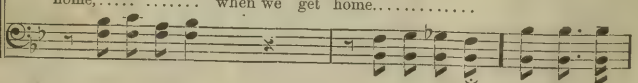
rest..... no more to roam,..... When we get
 There we will rest, no more to roam,
 sea,..... no surg - ing foam,..... When we get
 streets..... of gold we'll roam,..... When we get
 praise..... through heav'n's dome,..... When we get



rit. **CHORUS.**



home..... when we get home..... *f*
 When we get home, when we get home.
 home,..... when we get home..... O bless - ed
 home,..... when we get home.....
 home,..... when we get home.....



WHEN WE GET HOME.

day,..... O bless-ed day, When we shall reach the heav'nly
Sweet day, glad day,

home, O bless-ed day, O glorious day,... When we get
heav'nly home,

rit. p
home,..... When we get home,.....
When we get home, sweet home, that bless-ed home.

Copyright, 1902, by Tali Esen Morgan.

No. 56.

ART THOU WEARY?

CHARLES WESLEY.

p Andante legato.

p *cres.*

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to me," saith
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide? "In His feet and

pp

One, "and com-ing, Be at rest."
hands are wound-prints, And His side."

- 3 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."
- 4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Jubilant.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By permission.

1. Oh! gold-en Here - af - ter, Thine ev - 'ry bright raft - er Will shake in the
 2. Oh! host with-out number, Awak'd from death's slumber, Who walk in white
 3. Oh! mansions e - ter - nal, In fields ev - er ver - nal, A - wait-ing your
 4. Oh! Je - sus, our Mas - ter, Command to beat fast - er These wea - ry life-

thun - der of sanc - ti - fied song; And ev - 'ry swift an - gel Pro -
 robes on the em - er - ald shore, The glo - ry is o'er you, The
 ten - ant - ry ransomed from sin, We'll stand on your pavement, No
 puls - es that bring us to Thee, 'Till, past the dark por - tal, We

claim an e - van - gel, To summon God's saints to the glo - ri - fied throng!
 throne is be - fore you, And weeping will come to your spir - its no more.
 more in enslavement, With home-songs to Je - sus who welcomes us in.
 stand up in - mor - tal, And sweep with ho - san - nas the jas - per - lit sea.

CHORUS.

Oh! cho - rus of fire, That will burst from God's choir, When the loud halle-

lu - jahs leap up from the soul, 'Till the flowers on the hills, And the

O GOLDEN HEREAFTER.

cres.

waves in the rills, Shall trem-ble with joy in the mu-sic's deep roll.

This musical score is for the hymn 'O Golden Hereafter'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are: 'waves in the rills, Shall trem-ble with joy in the mu-sic's deep roll.'

No. 58. HOW SWEET ARE THE WORDS.

Mrs. O. B. B.

Dr. O. B. BIRD.

1. How sweet are the words of my Sav - iour so dear, When dark clouds of
2. How sweet is the face of my Sav - iour so dear, When sin - ners are
3. How sweet to the world is the love of our Lord, So full and a-

This musical score is for the hymn 'How Sweet Are the Words'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are: '1. How sweet are the words of my Sav - iour so dear, When dark clouds of; 2. How sweet is the face of my Sav - iour so dear, When sin - ners are; 3. How sweet to the world is the love of our Lord, So full and a-'

sor - row are hov - er - ing near! My grief - la - den soul, then, with rapture may
throning His blessing to share! His smile like the sunlight, His words true and
bun - dant, so rich in re - ward! Oh, come now, He calls thee, and list to His

This musical score is for the hymn 'How Sweet Are the Words'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are: 'sor - row are hov - er - ing near! My grief - la - den soul, then, with rapture may; throning His blessing to share! His smile like the sunlight, His words true and; bun - dant, so rich in re - ward! Oh, come now, He calls thee, and list to His'

hear, "Thou wea - ry one, come un - to Me." Oh, sweet are the words,
clear: "Ye wea - ry ones, come un - to Me, Oh, come un - to Me,
word: "The whole world may come unto Me." Oh, sweet is the love,

This musical score is for the hymn 'How Sweet Are the Words'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are: 'hear, "Thou wea - ry one, come un - to Me." Oh, sweet are the words,; clear: "Ye wea - ry ones, come un - to Me, Oh, come un - to Me,; word: "The whole world may come unto Me." Oh, sweet is the love,'

sweet are the words, How sweet to my soul are the words of my Lord.
come un - to Me, Ye wea - ry and la - den ones, come un - to Me."
sweet is the love, Oh, sweet to the world is the love of our Lord.

This musical score is for the hymn 'How Sweet Are the Words'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are: 'sweet are the words, How sweet to my soul are the words of my Lord.; come un - to Me, Ye wea - ry and la - den ones, come un - to Me."; sweet is the love, Oh, sweet to the world is the love of our Lord.'

No. 59.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

C. L. ST. JOHN.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a -
 2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That bridg-es the
 3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the

wea-ried, and spent is my light, And I seek for the palace that
 wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah
 hed-ges and fruit-la-den vines! My for-tune! my all! for

slower and sustained. rit.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us a stream li-eth, sul-len and chill."
 me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
 one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross, Like a

gray fri-ar cowl'd, in li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will

Used by permission of the author.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

point to the bright gold-en span That bridge-s the wa-ters so

pp CODA, may be sung after last stanza.

safe-ly for man, That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

NOTE.— Chorus can be sung by Male Voices, Tenors taking Soprano and Alto parts.

No. 60. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

cres. mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
pp throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love;


mf Here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
ff Ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.
pp Come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-rows but heav'n can re-move

No. 61.

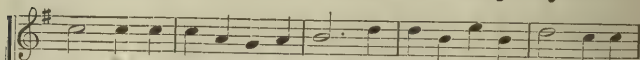
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.


ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the Cross; Lift high His roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

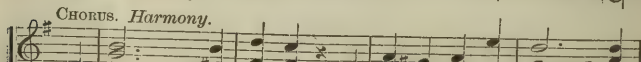


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A



ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
 gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be 'nev - er wanting there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift
 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 62.

GUIDE ME!

Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
Andante maestoso.

WM. OWEN.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land: }
 { I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand: }
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; }
 { Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro': }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; }
 { Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side: }

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

Bread of heaven,
Strong De - liv - rer,
Songs of prais - es,

Bread of heaven,
Strong De - liv - rer,
Songs of prais - es,

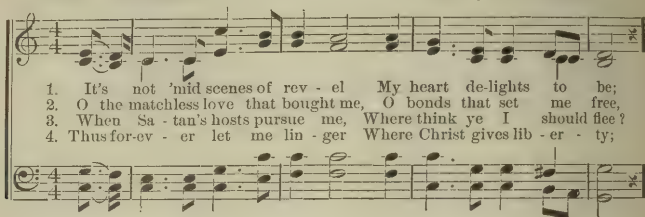
Bread of heaven,
Strong De - liv - rer,
Songs of prais - es

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er - give to Thee.

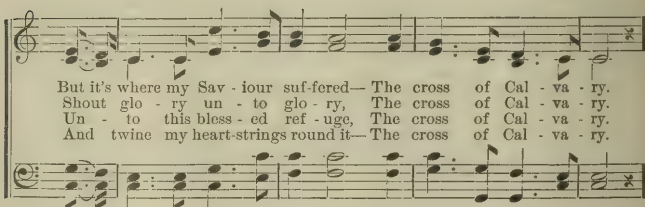
No. 63. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

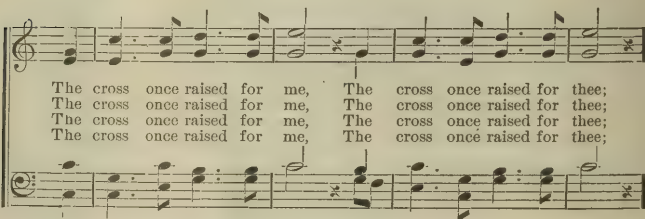
Arr. by I. H. MEREDITH.



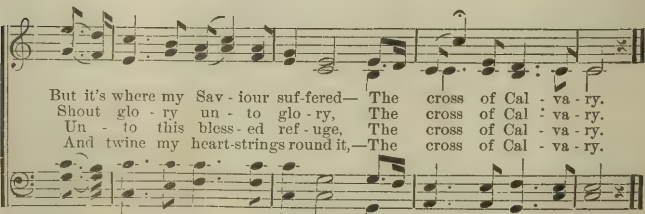
1. It's not 'mid scenes of rev - el My heart de-lights to be;
 2. O the matchless love that bought me, O bonds that set me free,
 3. When Sa - tan's hosts pursue me, Where think ye I should flee?
 4. Thus for-ev - er let me lin - ger Where Christ gives lib - er - ty;



But it's where my Sav - iour suf-fered— The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And twine my heart-strings round it— The cross of Cal - va - ry.



The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
 The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
 The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
 The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;



But it's where my Sav - iour suf-fered— The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And twine my heart-strings round it,—The cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 64.

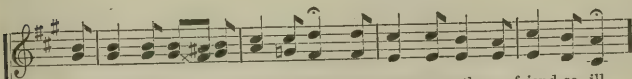
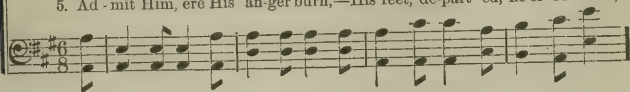
LET HIM COME IN.

T. C. O'KANE.

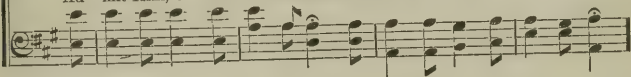
Tenderly.



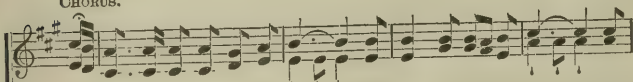
1. Be - hold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before;
2. O lovely at-ti-tude,—He stands, With melt-ing heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an-ger burn,—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re - turn;



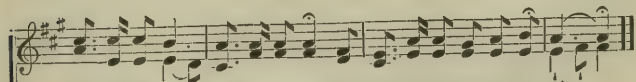
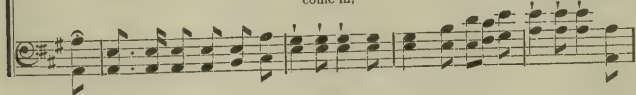
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.



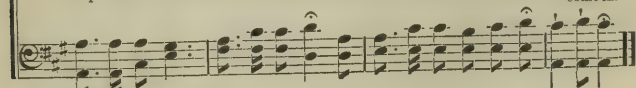
CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
 come in, from sin;



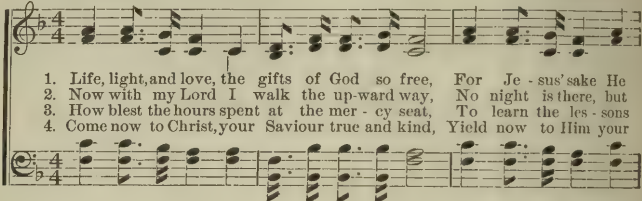
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.



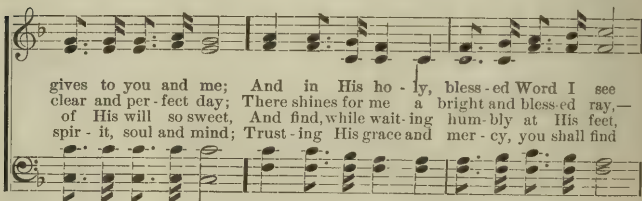
No. 65. LIFE, LIGHT, AND LOVE IN JESUS.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.

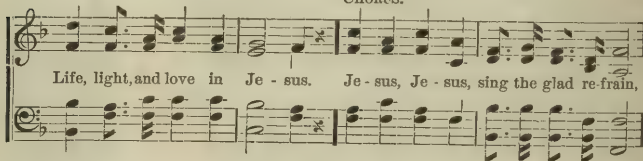


1. Life, light, and love, the gifts of God so free, For Je - sus' sake He
 2. Now with my Lord I walk the up - ward way, No night is there, but
 3. How blest the hours spent at the mer - cy seat, To learn the les - sons
 4. Come now to Christ, your Saviour true and kind, Yield now to Him your

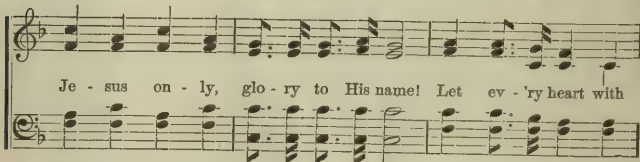


gives to you and me; And in His ho - ly, bless - ed Word I see
 clear and per - fect day; There shines for me a bright and bless - ed ray, -
 of His will so sweet, And find, while wait - ing hum - bly at His feet, -
 spir - it, soul and mind; Trust - ing His grace and mer - cy, you shall find

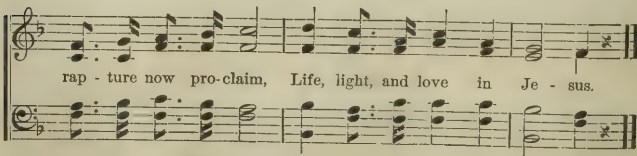
CHORUS.



Life, light, and love in Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, sing the glad re - frain,



Je - sus on - ly, glo - ry to His name! Let ev - 'ry heart with



rap - ture now pro - claim, Life, light, and love in Je - sus.

No. 66.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

CHARLES WESLEY

Music Arranged.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all In hell, on earth, or sky;
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
 3. O, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of His grace;
 4. His on - ly right-eous - ness I show; His sav - ing truth pro - claim;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, It turns their hell to heav'n.
 The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace.
 'Tis all my business here be - low, To cry, "Be - hold the Lamb!"

CHORUS.

O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!

O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me.

No. 67.

GLORIA PATRI.

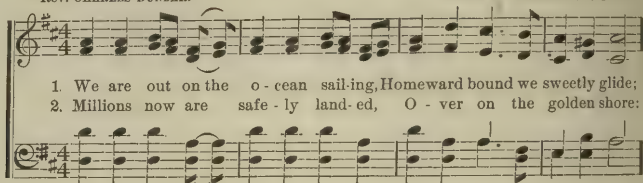
Glory be to the Father, and... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men.

No. 68.

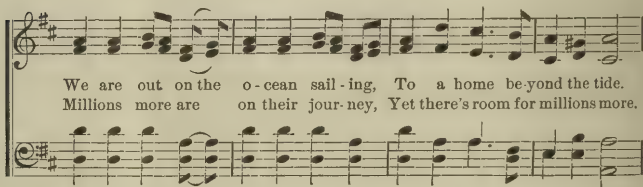
BEYOND THE TIDE.

Rev. CHARLES DUNBAR.

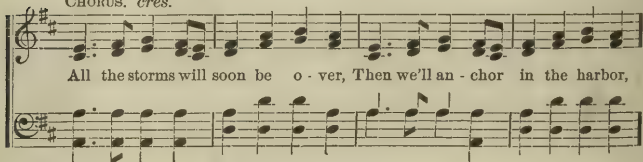
WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



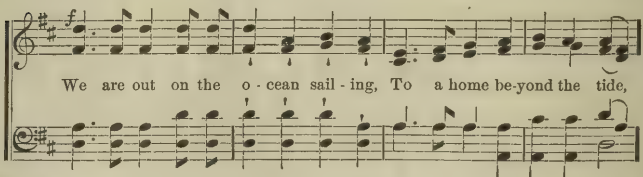
1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
2. Millions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the golden shore;



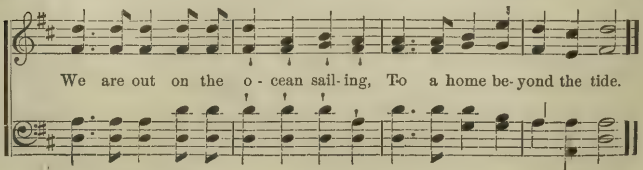
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.
Millions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for millions more.

CHORUS. *cres.*


All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the harbor,



We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide,



We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

No. 69. HALLELUJAH TO HIS NAME.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

TALI ESEN MORGAN.

1. We are trav'l-ing o-ver to the promised land, Hal-le-
 2. There's a clear light gleaming thro' the dark-est night, Hal-le-
 3. O'er the dash-ing wa-ters of life's storm-y sea, Hal-le-
 4. There are loved ones wait-ing on the heav'nly shore, Hal-le-

lu-jah to His Name! And our Pi-lot guides us with un-
 lu-jah to His Name! For His Word is giv-en as a
 lu-jah to His Name! Still the Mas-ter speak-eth peace to
 lu-jah to His Name! From that peace-ful ha-ven we'll go

REFRAIN.

err-ing hand, Hal-le-lu-jah to His Name!
 bea-con bright, Hal-le-lu-jah to His Name!
 you and me, Hal-le-lu-jah to His Name!
 out no more, Hal-le-lu-jah to His Name!

Hal-le-lu-jah to His

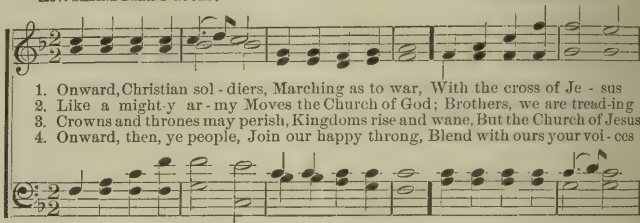
Name! Hal-le-lu-jah to His Name! He is
 Bless-ed name! bless-ed name!

guid-ing, cheer-ing, lov-ing all the way! O glo-ry to His Name!

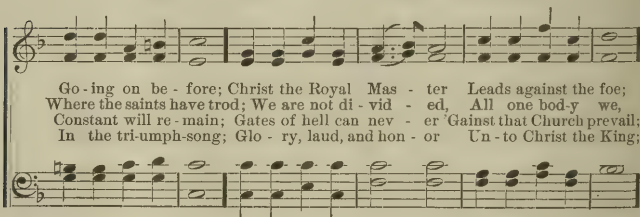
No. 70. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

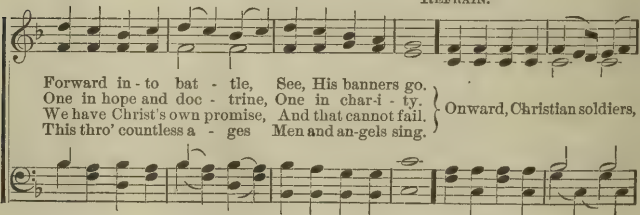


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
 4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces

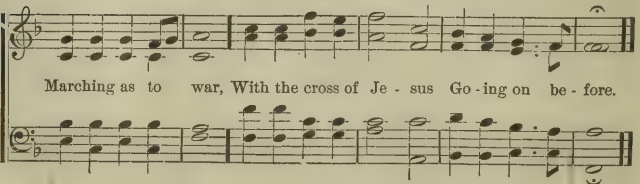


Go-ing on be - fore; Christ the Royal Mas - ter Leads against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
 Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

REFRAIN.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing. } Onward, Christian soldiers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

No. 71. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

Solo, or Soprano and Alto in unison.

p *mf*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

cres.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

FULL CHORUS. *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres. *f*

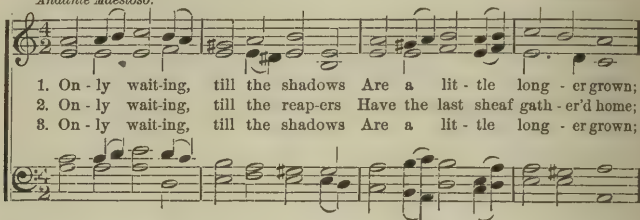
I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

No. 72,

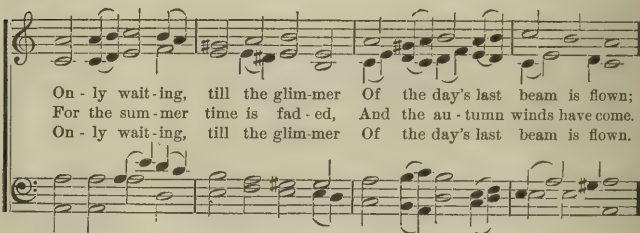
ONLY WAITING.

FRANCIS L. MACE.
Andante Maestoso.

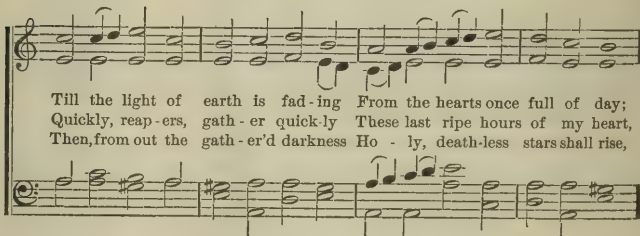
J. A. LLOYD.



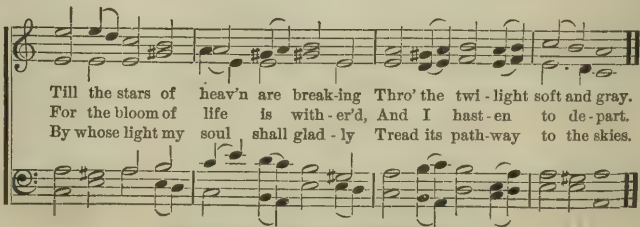
1. On - ly wait-ing, till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
 2. On - ly wait-ing, till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath - er'd home;
 8. On - ly wait-ing, till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;



On - ly wait-ing, till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
 For the sum-mer time is fad-ed, And the au-tumn winds have come.
 On - ly wait-ing, till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.



Till the light of earth is fad-ing From the hearts once full of day;
 Quickly, reap-ers, gath-er quick-ly These last ripe hours of my heart,
 Then, from out the gath-er'd darkness Ho - ly, death-less stars shall rise,

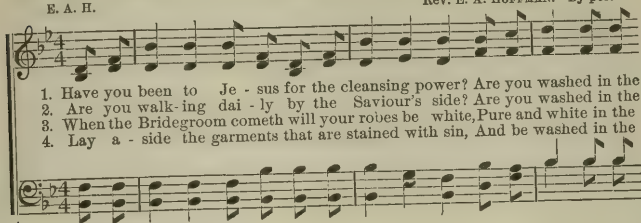


Till the stars of heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
 For the bloom of life is with-er'd, And I hast-en to de-part.
 By whose light my soul shall glad-ly Tread its path-way to the skies.

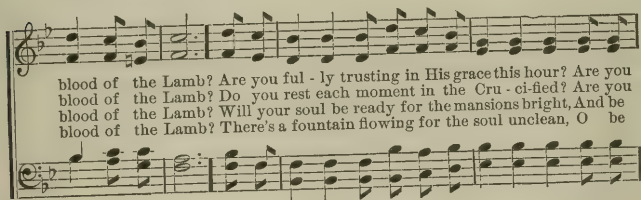
No. 73. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

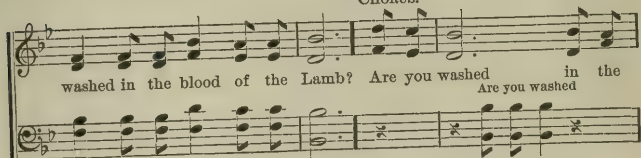


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

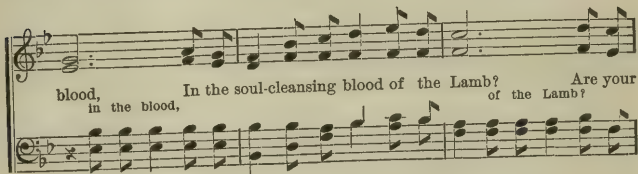


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

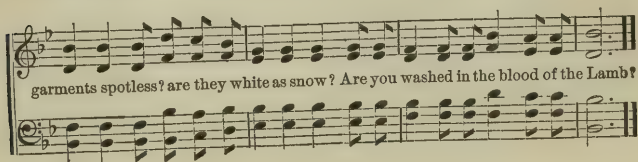
CHORUS.



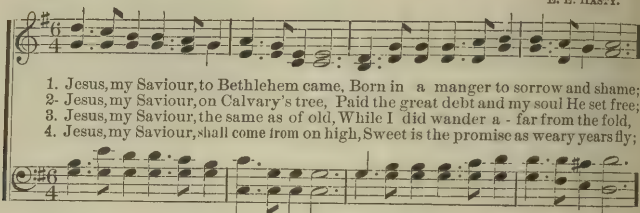
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed



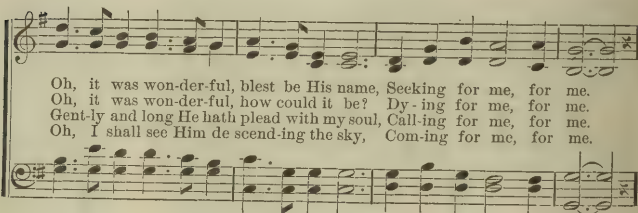
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 in the blood, of the Lamb?



garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

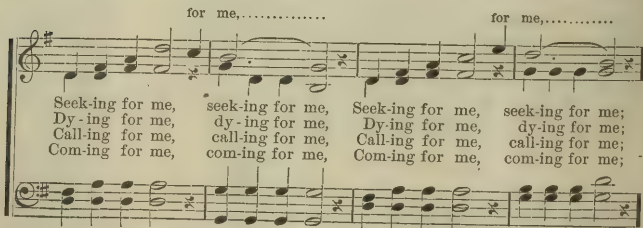


1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
 3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wander a - far from the fold,
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

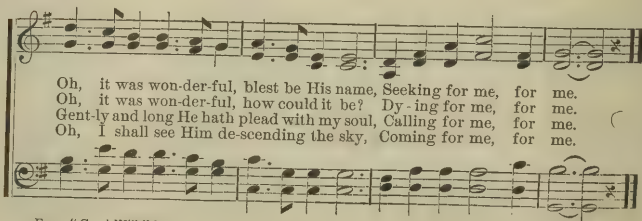


Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

for me,..... for me,.....



Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me;
 Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
 Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
 Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

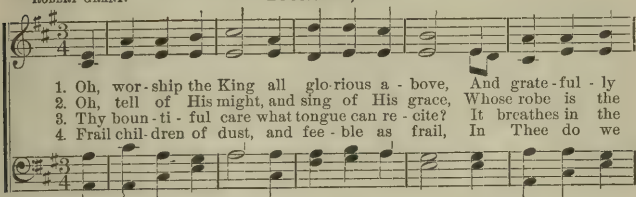
No. 75.

OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

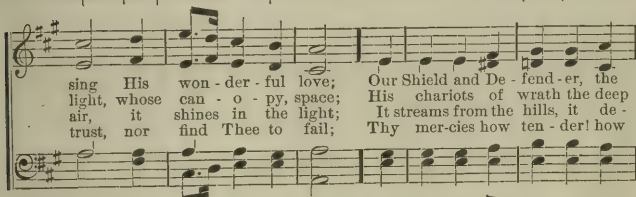
ROBERT GRANT.

LYONS. 10, 11.

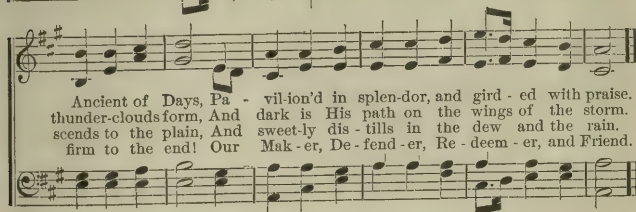
F. J. HAYDN.



1. Oh, wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
 2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py, space; His chariots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten - der! how



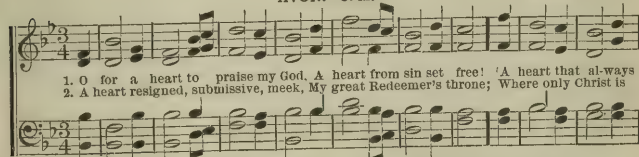
Ancient of Days, Pa - vil-ion'd in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 76.

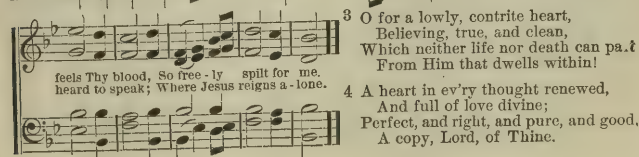
A CONTRITE HEART.

AVON. C. M.

"Scottish Tune."



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! 'A heart that al-ways
 2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is



3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can pa.t
 From Him that dwells within!
 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

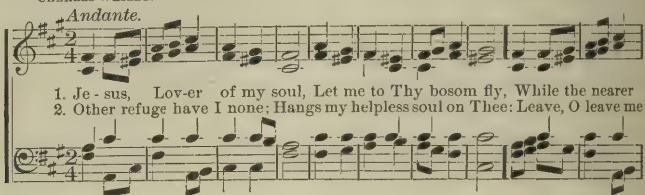
No. 77. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

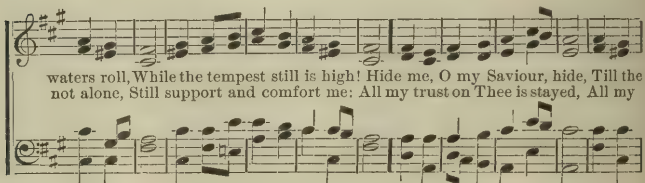
(ABERYSTWYTH. 7s. D.)

JOS. PARRY. Mus. Doc.

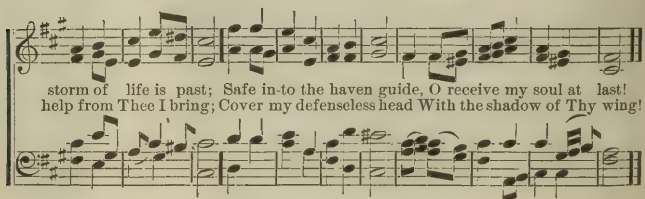
Andante.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee: Leave, O leave me



waters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
not alone, Still support and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my



storm of life is past; Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 78.

MARTYN. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

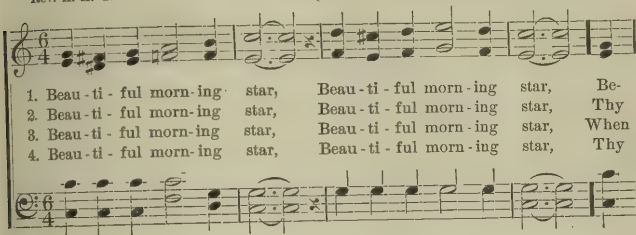
Fine. D.C.



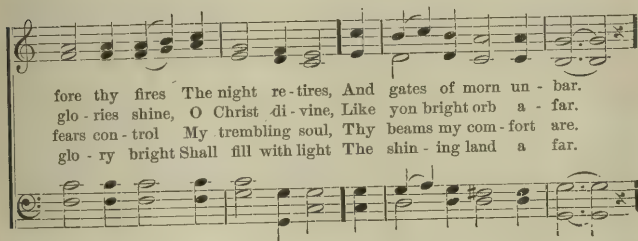
No. 79. BEAUTIFUL MORNING STAR.

Rev. A. A. G.

Rev. ALFRED ARTHUR GRALEY.



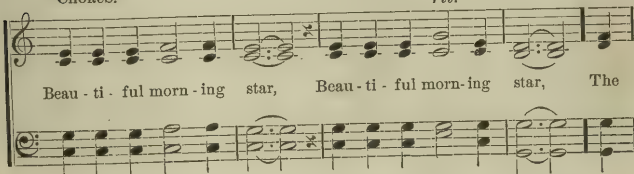
1. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Be-
 2. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Thy
 3. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, When
 4. Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Thy



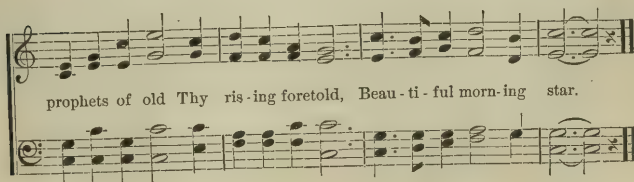
fore thy fires The night re-tires, And gates of morn un-bar.
 glo-ries shine, O Christ di-vine, Like yon bright orb a-far.
 fears con-trol My trembling soul, Thy beams my com-fort are.
 glo-ry bright Shall fill with light The shin-ing land a-far.

CHORUS.

rit.



Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star, The



prophets of old Thy ris-ing foretold, Beau-ti-ful morn-ing star.

No. 80.

O SACRED HEAD.

BERNARD OF CLAIRNAUX.

7. 6. D.

Old Welsh Melody.

Slow and sustained.

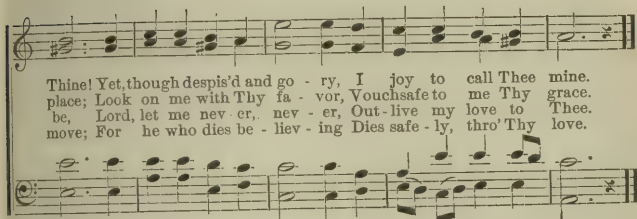
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd Was all for sin - ners' gain,
 3. What language shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
 4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;

With grief and shame weigh'd down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round -
 Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans - gres -
 To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For this, Thy dy - ing sor -
 O show Thy cross to me; And, for my suc - cor fly -

ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown; With thorns, Thine on - ly crown,
 - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain; But Thine the dead - ly pain;
 - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? Thy pit - y with - out end?
 - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free; Come, Lord, and set me free;

O sa - cred Head, O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was
 Lo, here I fall, lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy
 O make me Thine, O make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing
 These eyes, new faith, these eyes, new faith receiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not

O SACRED HEAD.



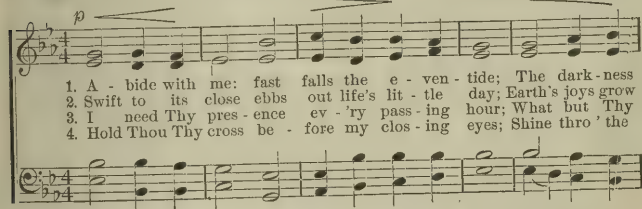
Thine! Yet, though despis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
 place; Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
 be, Lord, let me nev - er, Out-live my love to Thee.
 move; For he who dies be - liev - ing Dies safe - ly, thro' Thy love.

No. 81.

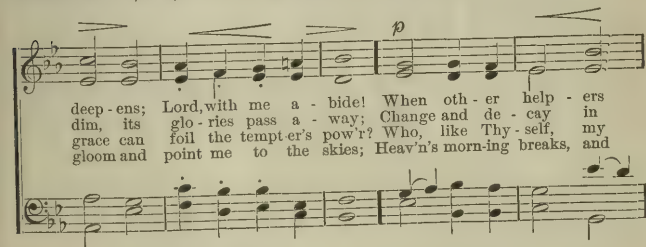
ABIDE WITH ME.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

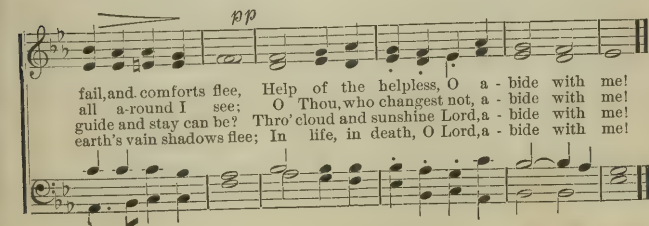
HENRY F. LYTE.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and



fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine Lord, a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 82. GOD GUARD COLUMBIA.

Rev. HENRY C. McCook, D.D.

GEORGE BALCH NEVIN.

1. Al - might-y Lord of All, The na - tions rise and fall At
 2. From Thee the sa - cred fires Here kin - dled by our sires, Their
 3. We bless Thee for the hand That led the he - ro band Who
 4. What time the clouds of woe Hung o'er us dark and low, Thou,

Thy com - mand. Our fa - thers' Staff and Stay, Keep Thou their
 fer - vor draw, — Faith and Fra - ter - ni - ty, Vir - tue and
 made us free; For ev - 'ry val - iant son Whose life our
 Lord, wast near. Still be our Staff and Stay; Hear Thou Thy

children's way! God guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our Fath - er - land!
 In - dus - try, Love of the Truth and Thee, Free - dom and Law!
 free - dom won, O God of Wash - ing - ton, We hon - or Thee!
 peo - ple pray: God guard Co - lum - bi - a, Our coun - try dear!

Copyright, 1901, by Henry C. McCook.—George Balch Nevin.

5 Hold in Thy mighty hand
 Our troops by sea and land,
 In fort and field!
 Give them to do and dare;
 In days of danger spare,
 And guard them by Thy care,
 O God, our Shield!

6 Lord God of land and wave,
 The sovereign people save!
 On Thee they wait!
 Do Thou perpetuate
 Thy glory in the State!
 Save our Chief Magistrate!
 God save the State!

No. 83. RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.

W. A. O.

Hear, O Lord, our humble sup - pli - ca - tion, Accept us, O Lord, for Je - sus' sake.

No. 84. REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY GOD.

JOANNA KINKEL, alt.

Anon.

p Andante.

p poco riten.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping, 'Mid
 2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing motion; When
 3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tresses, All

Crescendo e poco accel. al.... f

fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempt - er's voi - ces call - ing,
 from its dan - gers shrink - ing, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,
 thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

Tempo I. tranquillo e molto espress.

Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One! Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One!

No. 85.

ERE WE PART.

Heav'nly Fa - ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part,

Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from evil ev - 'ry heart. A - MEN.

No. 86.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

LUOY EVELINA AKERMAN.

SILAS J. VAIL. By per.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wast-ed life; O'er
 2. Nothing but leaves! No gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain; We
 3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And
 4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but wither'd leaves? Ah,

sins indulg'd while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis-es un-kept, And
 sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, i-dle words, for earnest deeds—Then
 as we trace our wea-ry way, And count each lost and misspent day, We
 who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be-fore the aw-ful judgment-seat, Lay

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 sad-ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 down for gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

No. 87.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.

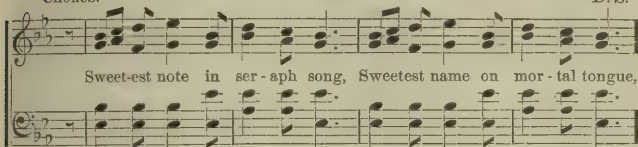
1. { The Great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus; }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus. }
 2. { Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus; }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

D.S.— Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, ... Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

CHORUS.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

D. S.



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—CHO.

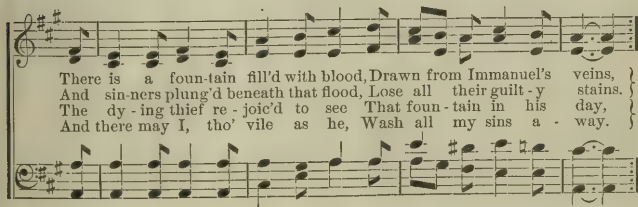
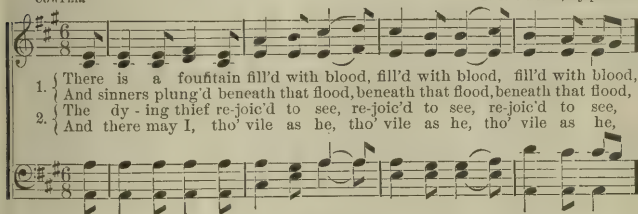
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.—CHO.

No. 88.

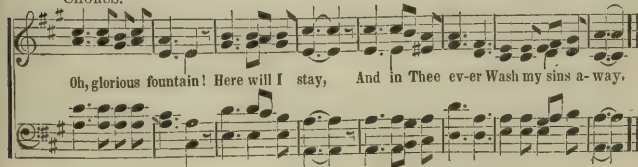
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



CHORUS.



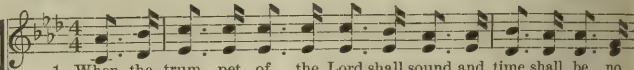
3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood :|
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd :| Church of God :|
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith :| I saw the stream :|
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love :| has been my theme, :|
And shall be till I die.

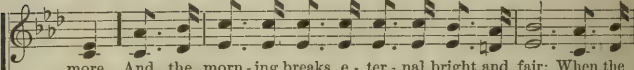
No. 89. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

B. M. J.

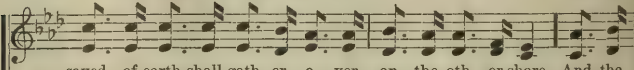
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloudless morn - ing, when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting

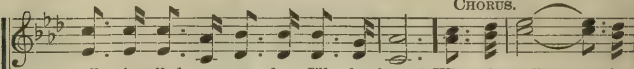


more, And the morn - ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

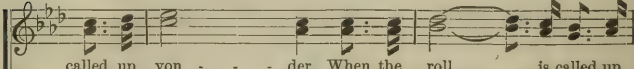


saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.



roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll..... is
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. }
 roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. } When the roll is



called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 90

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A
2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a-round Holds thee in full sur - vey; For-
3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis

heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.
get the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye—To thine aspiring eye.

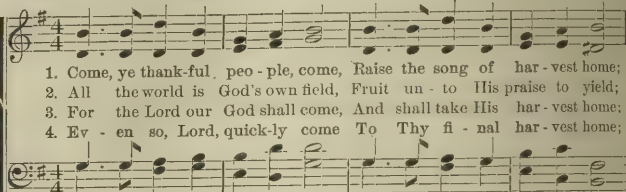
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

No. 91. COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE!

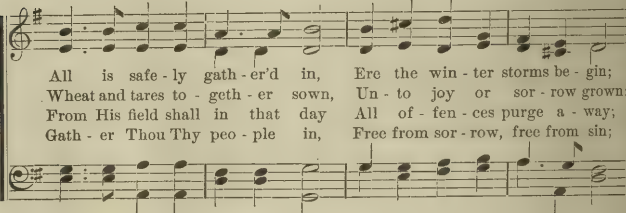
(ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.)

REV. HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

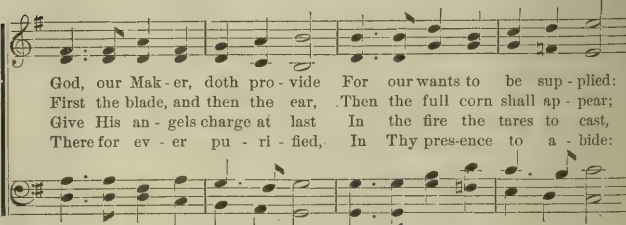
SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.



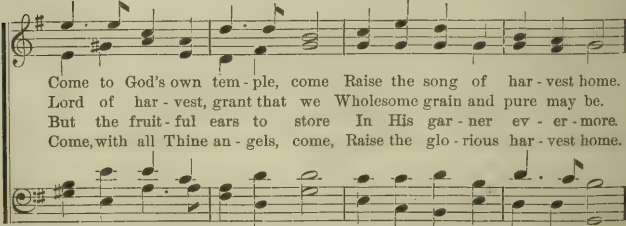
1. Come, ye thank-ful, peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. Ev-en so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest home;



All is safe-ly gath-er'd in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
 From His field shall in that day All of-fen-ces purge a-way;
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



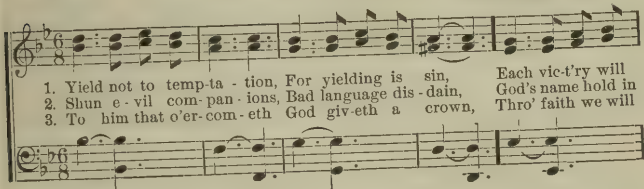
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:



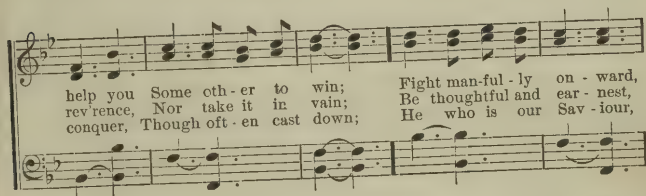
Come to God's own tem-ple, come Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

No. 92. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

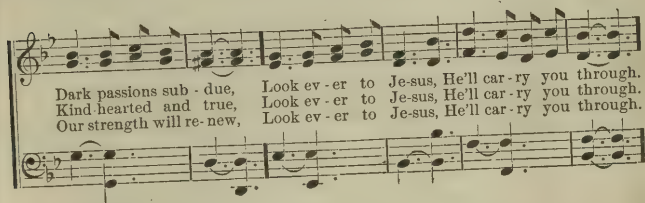
H. R. PALMER. By per.



1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we will

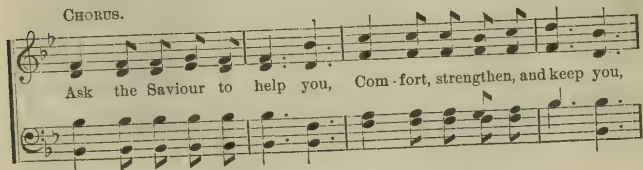


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
 reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
 conquer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

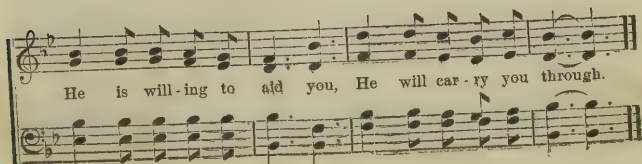


Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.



Ask the Saviour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you,



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 93.

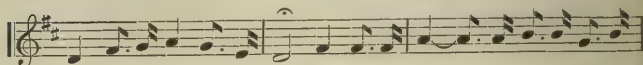
OH, HOLY NIGHT.

Words arr. by FLORENCE LE CLAIR.

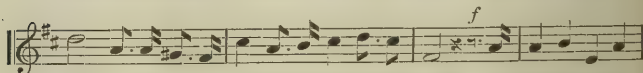
ADAM.

p Andante.

1. Oh, ho - ly night! the stars are brightly shin - ing, It is the
 2. God's precious gift, each heart and voice re-joic - es, We hail the
 3. Tru - ly He taught us all to love each oth - er; His law is



night of the dear Saviour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and sor - row
 birth of the long promis'd One. God's gift of love; with all our hearts and
 love and His Gos-pel is peace; Good will on earth, with ev - 'ry man a

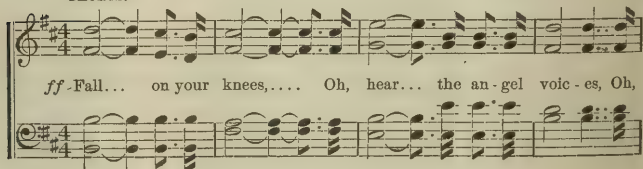


pin-ing, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth; A thrill of joy the
 voic - es We praise the Name of the life-giving Son. He came to earth, Who
 broth-er And in His Name all oppression shall cease. With hymns of joy and

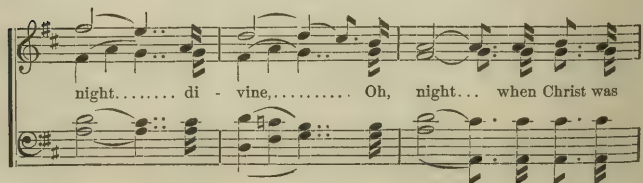


wea-ry world re-joic - es, For you-der breaks a new and glorious morn.
 left His home in heav-en To bring good news and hopesublime to men.
 grateful ad - o - ra - tion, Let all with-in us praise His ho - ly Name.

CHORUS.



ff Fall... on your knees,... Oh, hear... the an - gel voic - es, Oh,



night..... di - vine,..... Oh, night... when Christ was

OH, HOLY NIGHT.

born, Oh, night di - vine, Oh, night, Oh, night di - vine.

No. 94. O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

(ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.)

E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - clos'd door, In
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And

low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er; We bear the
thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd; Oh, love that

name of Christians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up -
pass - eth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no

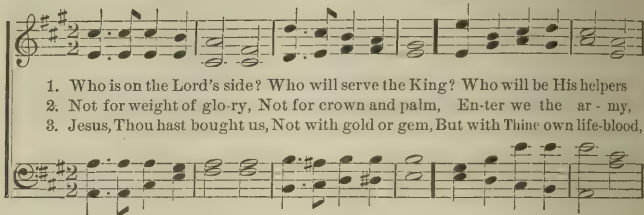
on us! To keep Him stand - ing there.
e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low, —
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

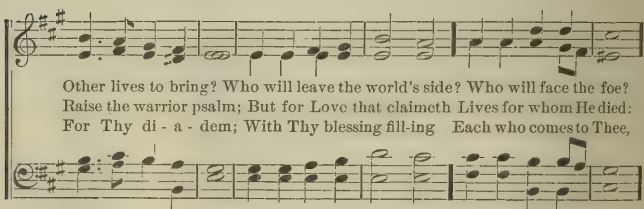
No. 95. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

(HERMAS. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.)

FRANCES S. HAYVERGAL, 1871.

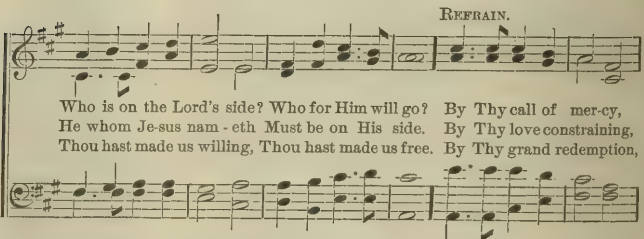


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar-my,
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,

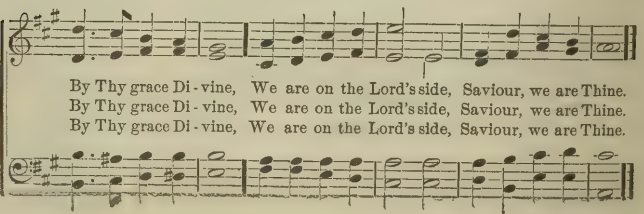


Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior psalm; But for Love that claimeth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di-a-dem; With Thy blessing fill-ing Each who cometh to Thee,

REFRAIN.



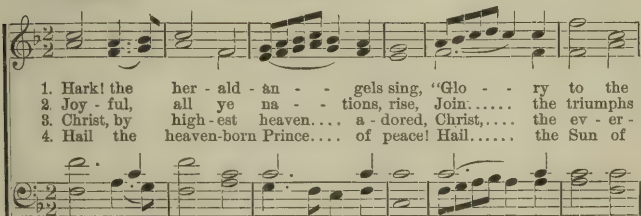
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer-cy,
 He whom Je-sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining,
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption,



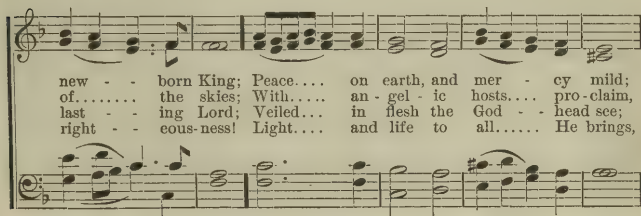
By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
 By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
 By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HANDEL.

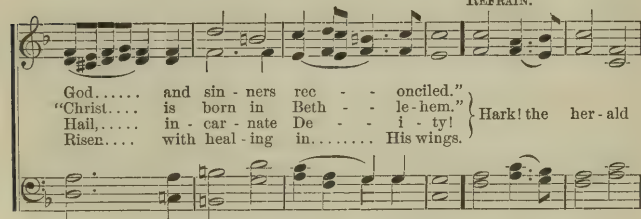


1. Hark! the her - ald - an - - gels sing, "Glo - - ry to the
 2. Joy - ful, all ye na - - tions, rise, Join:.... the triumphs
 3. Christ, by high - est heaven... a - dored, Christ,... the ev - er -
 4. Hail the heaven-born Prince... of peace! Hail..... the Sun of



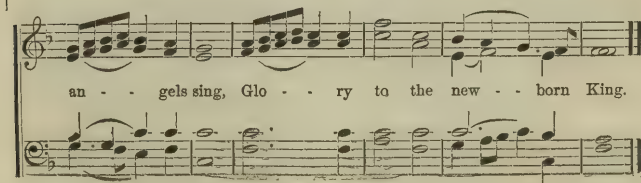
new - - born King; Peace... on earth, and mer - cy mild;
 of..... the skies; With.... an - gel - ic hosts.... pro - claim,
 last - - ing Lord; Veiled... in flesh the God - - head see;
 right - - eous-ness! Light... and life to all..... He brings,

REFRAIN.



God..... and sin - ners rec - - onciled."
 "Christ.... is born in Beth - - le - hem."
 Hail..... in - car - nate De - - i - ty!
 Risen.... with heal - ing in..... His wings.

Hark! the her - ald



an - - gels sing, Glo - - ry to the new - - born King.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1866.

(AURELIA. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.)

SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1864.

1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

cres.
 She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:

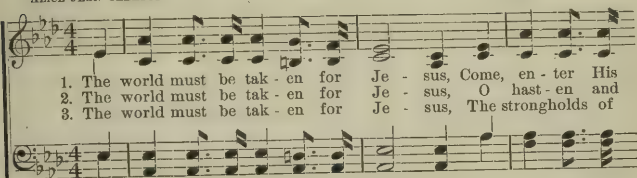
cres. *ff*
 From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

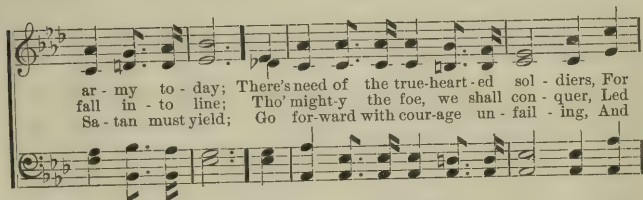
No. 98. THE WORLD MUST BE TAKEN.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.

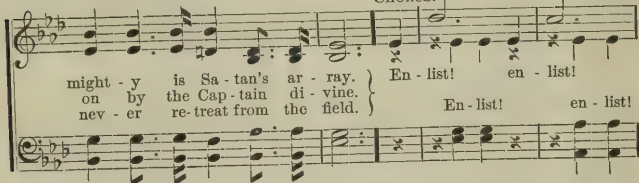


1. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, Come, en - ter His
 2. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, O hast - en and
 3. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, The strongholds of

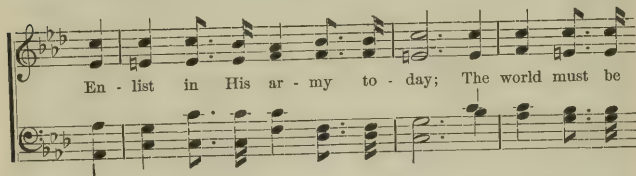


ar - my to - day; There's need of the true-heart-ed sol - diers, For
 fall in - to line; Tho' might-y the foe, we shall con - quer, Led
 Sa - tan must yield; Go for-ward with cour-age un - fail - ing, And

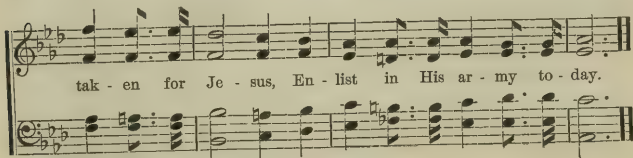
CHORUS.



might - y is Sa - tan's ar - ray. } En - list! en - list!
 on by the Cap - tain di - vine. } En - list! en - list!
 nev - er re - treat from the field. }



En - list in His ar - my to - day; The world must be



tak - en for Je - sus, En - list in His ar - my to - day.

No. 99.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Scotch Melody.

mf Adagio e Legato.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
 { Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand
 2. { What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; } Time's cold and wintry [blast
 { Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home; }

Round me on ev'-ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I soon shall reach the goal,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Swiftly the race I'll run,
 Yield up my crown to none,
 Forward! the prize is won,
 Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heav'n is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

No. 100.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the Cross, A follower of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign—In-crease my cour-age, Lord:

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fight to win the prize, And sail thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace. To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word

No. 101. HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gent - ly lead us, by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness here; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there; }

d.c.—Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood. Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 102.

I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

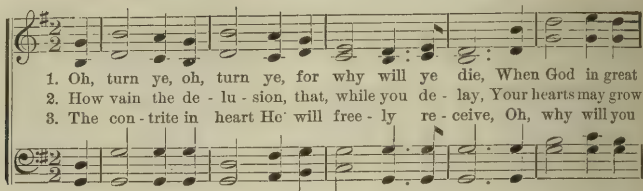
CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D. G. Chorus.

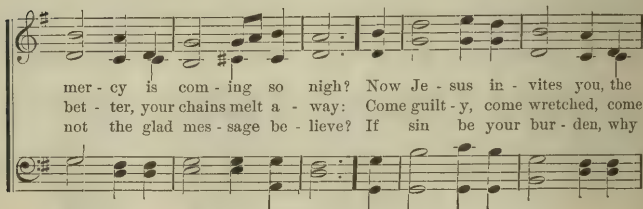
If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood I shall from sin be free.

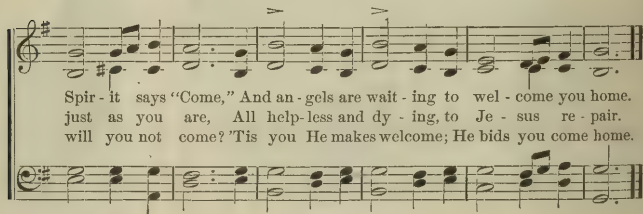
No. 103. HE BIDS YOU COME HOME.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that, while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con-trite in heart He will free-ly re-ceive, Oh, why will you

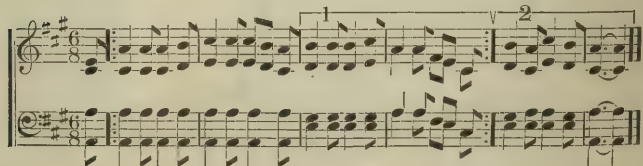


mer-cy is com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the
bet-ter, your chains melt a-way: Come guilt-y, come wretched, come
not the glad mes-sage be-lieve? If sin be your bur-den, why



Spir-it says "Come," And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.
just as you are, All help-less and dy-ing, to Je-sus re-pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

No. 104. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.



1. |: I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, :| Where Jesus answers prayer.
CHO.—|; I can, I will, I do believe, :| That Jesus saves me now.
2. |: Refining fire, go through my heart, :| Illuminate my soul.
3. |: O that it now from heaven might fall, :| And all my sins consume.

No. 105.

ONLY TRUST HIM,

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
 2. For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in to the
 3. Yes, Je- sus is the Truth the Way, That leads you in to rest; Be- lieve in Him with-
 4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo- ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trusting in His word.
 crimson flood That washes white as snow.
 out de- lay, And you are fair- ly blest. } On- ly trust Him, on- ly trust Him,
 les- tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Only trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 106.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE,

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed? To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
 3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging 'round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found
 4. Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
 5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
 6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 107.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

pp *p* *cres.* *f*

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
 5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

p *all.* *pp*

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
 And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 108.

COME UNTO ME.

(HENLEY. II. 10.)

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Fine. *D.S.*

1. Come un - to Me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
 D. S.—Come un - to me, and
 2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
 D. S.—Soft are the tones which
 3. There, like an E - den blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers
 D. S.—Come un - to Me, and

Fine. *D.S.*

wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for comfort from your heavenly Father,
 I will give you rest.
 sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swelling,
 raise the heavenly hymn.
 the earth too rudely pressed; Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 I will give you rest.

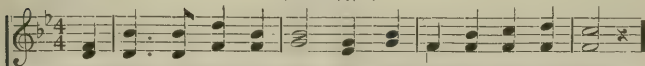
No. 109.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

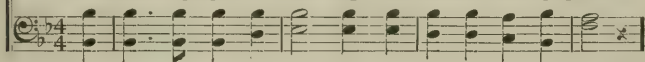
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

(WEBB, 7, 6)

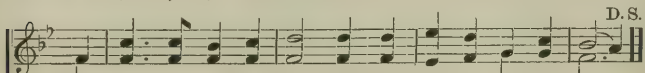
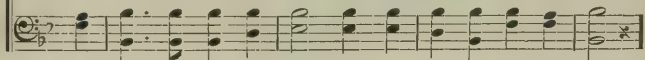
GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears,



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D. S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 110.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer.
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

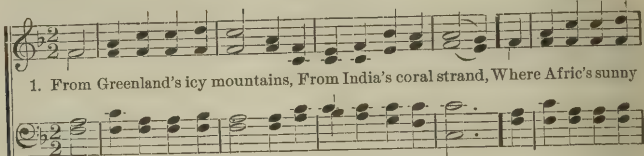
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

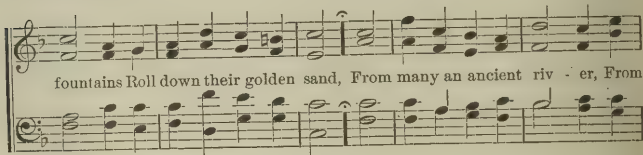
No. III.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

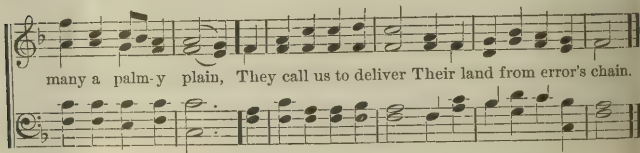
L. MASON.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny



fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient riv- er, From



many a palm-y plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. II2. HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppressions,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgressions,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 3 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love!

No. 113.

HE SHALL REIGN.

ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE ST. L. M.)

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his succes-sive jour-neys run;
 2. From north to south the prin-ces meet To pay their homage at His feet;
 3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;
 4. Peo-ple and realms of ev'-ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 While western em-pires own their Lord, And savage tribes at-tend His word.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev'-ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
 And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their early bless-ings on His name.

No. 114.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 115.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. { Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man a - sham'd of
 { Asham'd of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories *(Omit.)*
 2. { Asham'd of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a
 { He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be- *(Omit.)*

Thou? shine thro' end-less days.
 star; } night-ed soul of mine.
 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright Morning star, bid darkness flee.
 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
 No; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

No. 116. THE LORD JEHOVAH REIGNETH.

LILLIAS C. NEVIN.

HEINRICH ISAAK, 1539. Har. by GEO. B. NEVIN.

May be sung in Unison.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, Their courage He sus - tain - eth,
 2. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, And from His throne He deign - eth,
 3. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, And care - ful watch main - tain - eth,
 4. The Lord Je - ho - vah reign - eth, And gent - ly man con - strain - eth,
 5. Then praise the Lord Je - ho - vah, With song and hal - le - lu - jah,

Who in Him put their trust; His ma - jes - ty un - fail - ing, His
 To look with pity - ing eye; Not one His love re - fus - eth, Of
 O'er those who name His name; His grace and con - so - la - tion Light
 Through sor - row, sin, and loss; Be - fore His footstool kneel - ing Be -
 And to His presence come; His faith - ful - ness en - dur - eth - Tho'

might and pow'r pre - vail - ing, Lift souls re - pent - ant from the dust.
 those His mer - cy choos - eth, When they in pen - i - tence draw nigh.
 up the wide cre - a - tion With an un - end - ing, quenchless flame.
 hold the stream of heal - ing, That crim - son tide from Calvary's cross.
 pride - ful lust al - lur - eth, We jour - ney toward His love, His home.

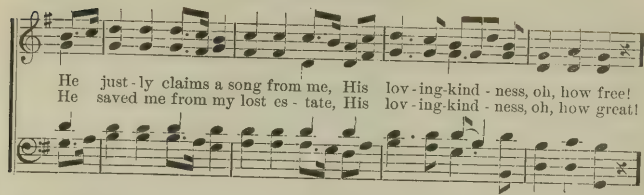
Copyright, 1902, by Geo. B. Nevin.

No. 117.

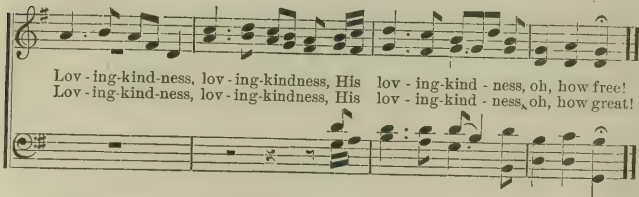
LOVING-KINDNESS.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all;

LOVING-KINDNESS.



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!



Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

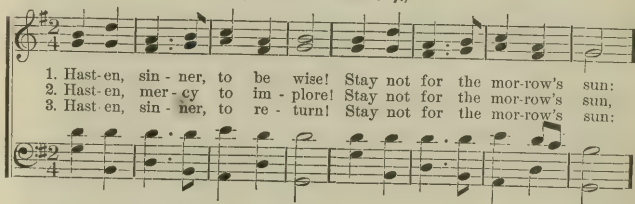
3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho' earth and hell my will oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along.
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
 Loving-kindness, loving kindness,
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
 Loving-kindness, loving kindness,
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

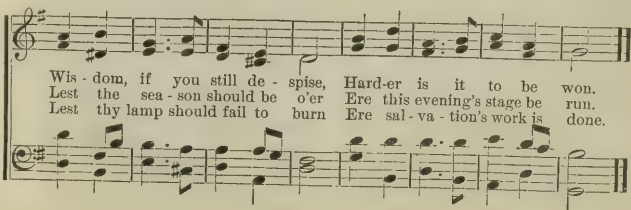
No. 118.

HASTEN, SINNER.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7.)



1. Hast-en, sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:
 2. Hast-en, mer-cy to im-plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
 3. Hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun:



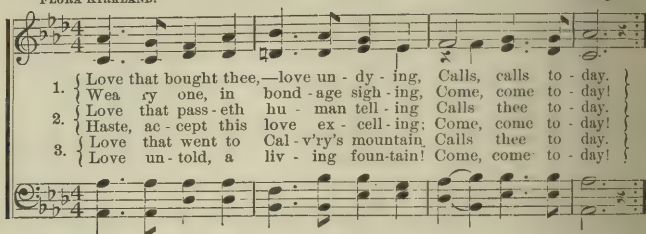
Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
 Lest the sea-son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn Ere sal-va-tion's work is done.

No. 119.

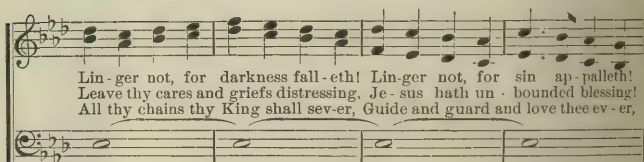
COME, COME TO-DAY.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Arranged.



1. { Love that bought thee,—love un - dy - ing, Calls, calls to - day.
 { Wea - ry one, in bond - age sigh - ing, Come, come to - day!
 2. { Love that pass - eth hu - man tell - ing Calls thee to - day.
 { Haste, ac - cept this love ex - cell - ing; Come, come to - day!
 3. { Love that went to Cal - v'ry's mountain, Calls thee to - day.
 { Love un - told, a liv - ing foun - tain! Come, come to - day!



Lin - ger not, for darkness fall - eth! Lin - ger not, for sin ap - palleth!
 Leave thy cares and griefs distressing, Je - sus hath un - bounded blessing!
 All thy chains thy King shall sev - er, Guide and guard and love thee ev - er,



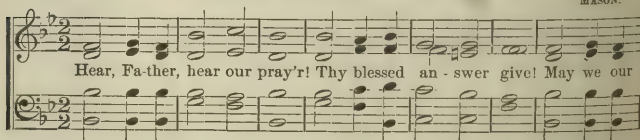
Lin - ger not—'tis Je - sus call - eth, "Come, come to - day!"
 Rich thou't be, His love pos - sess - ing, "Come, come to - day!"
 Thou shalt be for - sak - en nev - er! "Come, come to - day!"

Copyright, 1902, by Tali Esen Morgan.

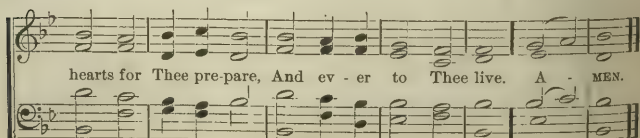
No. 120.

HEAR OUR PRAYER.

MASON.



Hear, Fa - ther, hear our pray'r! Thy blessed an - swer give! May we our



hearts for Thee pre - pare, And ev - er to Thee live. A - MEN.

No. 121.

THE SOLID ROCK.

E. MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name; }

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand,

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale,
 My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
 Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way,
 He then is all my hope and stay.

No. 122.

AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1896.

(SIMPSON. C. M.)

LOUIS SPOHR.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heat-ed in the chase,
 2. For Thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
 3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing

So pants my soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re-fresh-ing grace.
 Oh, when shall I be-hold Thy face, Thou Ma-jes-ty Di-vine?
 The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e-ter-nal Spring.

No. 123.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue His
 2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'n - ly
 3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for

praise to tell, Two lit - tle ears to hear His coun - sel,
 courts a - bove; Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble,
 Him to save, One lit - tle life for His dear ser - vice,

CHORUS.
 One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
 Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love. } Lord, we come, Lord, we come,
 One lit - tle self that He must have.

1 In our childhood's ear - ly morn - ing, Come to learn of Thee.
 2

By permission of David C. Cook.

No. 124.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
 2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
 3. Work, for the night is coming, Un - der the sunset skies; While their bright tints are

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

cres.

sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to
glowing, Work, for daylight flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fadeth to

glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

No. 125.

TRIUMPHANT ZION.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(TRURO. L. M.)

Williams's Psalmody Evangelica, 1789.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy various charms be known:

Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
The world thy glo - ries shall con - fess, Decked in the robes of right-eous-ness.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 No more shall foes anclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.</p> | <p>4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 126.

JESUS IS MINE!

Mrs. C. J. BONAR.

T. E. I ERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev-'ry ten - der tie,
 2. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawning light,
 3. Farewell, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty,

Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
 Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a
 Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet

rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 127.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, pre - cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

8:

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in, Glo-ry to His
en-ter'd in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glo-ry to His

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His

Fine. CHORUS. D.S.

name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.
name.

No. 128.

BEHOLD, A STRANGER.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Behold, a stran-ger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before!
2. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need;
3. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude!—He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
4. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn; His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has waited long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
The man of Naz-a-reth—'tis He, With garments dyed at Cal-va-ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand When, at His door, de-nied you'll stand.

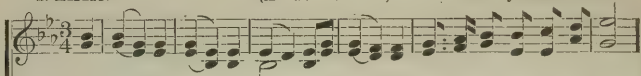
No. 129.

O COULD I SPEAK.

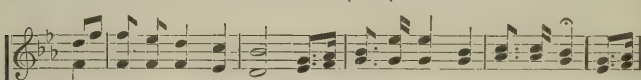
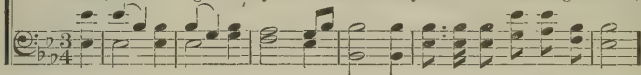
S. MEDLEY.

(ARIEL. C. P. M.)

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



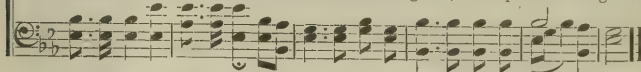
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
3. I'd sing the char-acters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de-lightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-iour shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And
Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In
Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I
And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A



vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine.
which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
would to everlasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

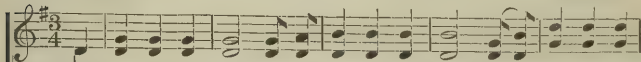


No. 130.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. PATON MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

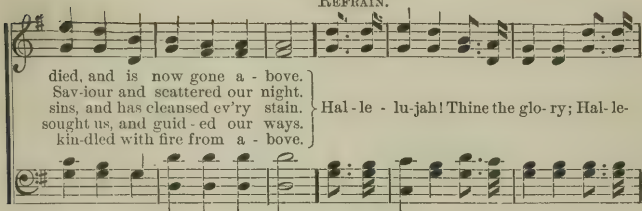


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-



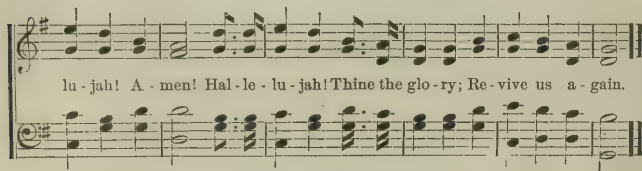
REVIVE US AGAIN.

REFRAIN.



died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav-iour and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal-le-



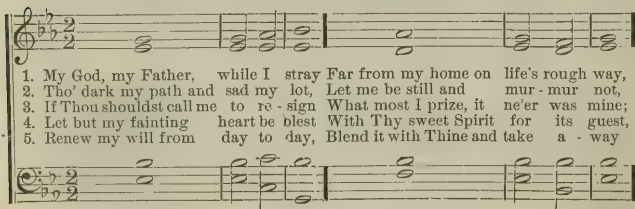
lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 131.

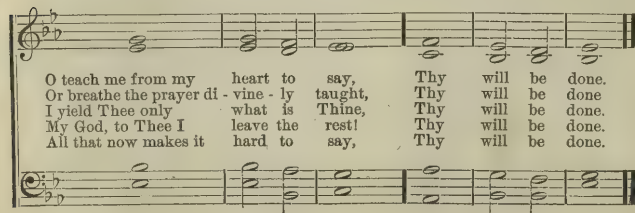
MY GOD, MY FATHER.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ARTHUR HENRY DYKE ACLAND TROYTE.



1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way,
2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur-mur not,
3. If Thou shouldst call me to re-sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
4. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
5. Renew my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine and take a - way



O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done.
Or breathe the prayer di-vine-ly taught, Thy will be done.
I yield Thee only what is Thine, Thy will be done.
My God, to Thee I leave the rest! Thy will be done.
All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done.

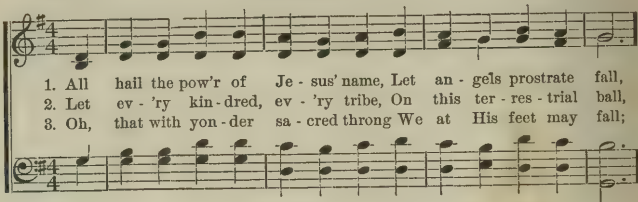
No. 132.

ALL HAIL THE POWER.

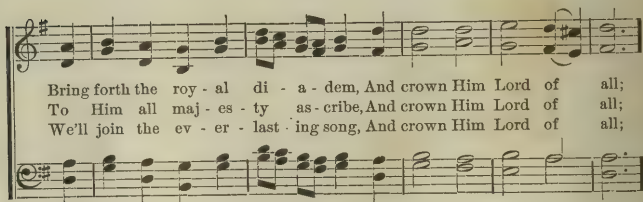
PERRONET

(CORONATION, C. M.)

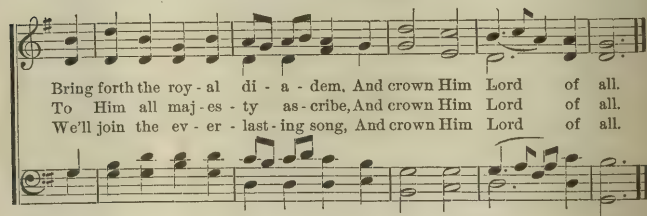
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

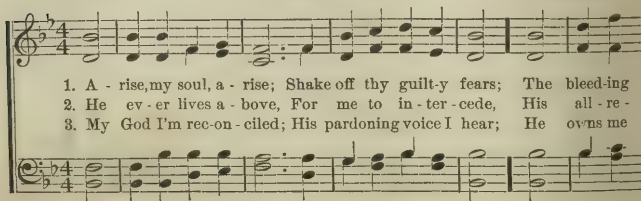
No. 133.

ARISE, MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(LENEX. H. M.)

LEWIS EPHSON.



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re -
 3. My God I'm rec - on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me

ARISE, MY SOUL.

Sac - ri - fice In my be-half ap - pears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
deeming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
for his child, I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands; My name is written on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

No. 134.

TURN TO THE LORD.

JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }

D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS. D.C.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

- All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 135.

THE LORD IS KING.

ISAAC WATTS.

(MAJESTY. C M. D.)

WILLIAM BILLINGS.

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bow'd the
 2. He sat se - rene up - on the floods, Their fu - ry

heavens most high, And un - der - neath His feet He
 to re - strain; And He as sov - creign Lord and

cast The dark - - - - - ness of..... the sky.
 King For ev - - - - - er more.... shall reign.

On cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Full roy - al - ly He rode,
 Give glo - ry to His aw - ful name, And hon - or Him a - lone;

And on the wings of might - y winds Came fly - ing all a - broad,
 Give wor - ship to His maj - es - ty Up - on His ho - ly throne.

THE LORD IS KING.

And on the wings of might-y winds Came fly-ing all a-broad.
Give wor-ship to His maj-es-ty Up-on His ho-ly throne.

No. 136.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And

And heav'n and nature

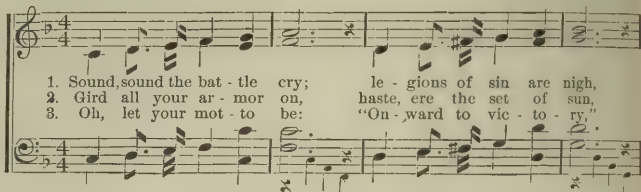
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; He comes to make His blessings flow
Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
Repeat the sounding joy. And makes the nations prove
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, The glories of His righteousness,
Nor thorns infest the ground; And wonders of His love.

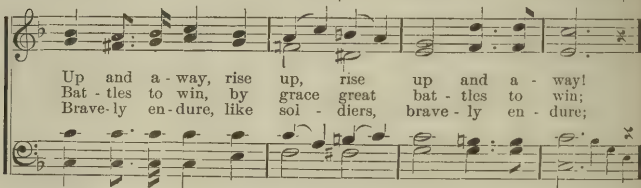
No. 137. FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

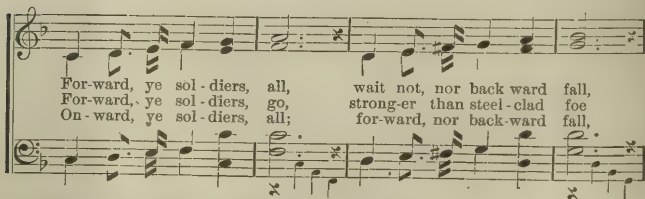
R. FRANK LEHMAN.



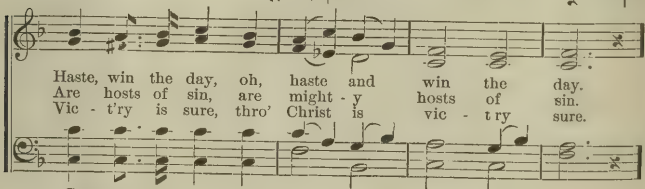
1. Sound, sound the bat - tle cry; le - gions of sin are nigh,
 2. Gird all your ar - mor on, haste, ere the set of sun,
 3. Oh, let your mot - to be: "On - ward to vic - to - ry."



Up and a - way, rise up, rise up and a - way!
 Bat - tles to win, by grace great bat - tles to win;
 Brave - ly en - dure, like sol - diers, brave - ly en - dure;

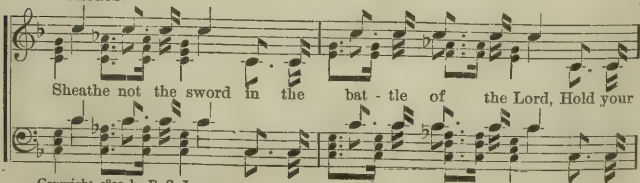


For - ward, ye sol - diers, all, wait not, nor back ward fall,
 For - ward, ye sol - diers, go, strong - er than steel - clad foe
 On - ward, ye sol - diers, all; for - ward, nor back - ward fall,



Haste, win the day, oh, haste and win the day.
 Are hosts of sin, are might - y hosts of sin.
 Vic - t'ry is sure, thro' Christ is vic - t'ry sure.

CHORUS.



Sheathe not the sword in the bat - tle of the Lord, Hold your

FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

gleam-ing ban-ners high; Hosts for the King will vic-t'ry bring

O'er the foes that hov-er nigh; Hosts for the King will a

glo-rious vic-t'ry bring O'er the foes that hov-er nigh.

No. 138. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. DOANE.

(SEYMOUR. 7.)

VON WEBER.

pp

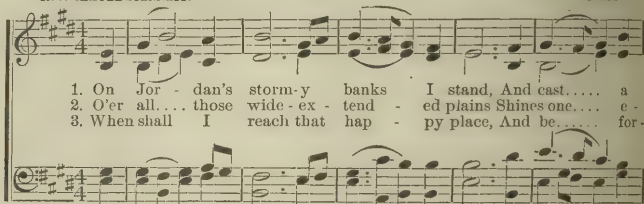
1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;

dim. *pp*

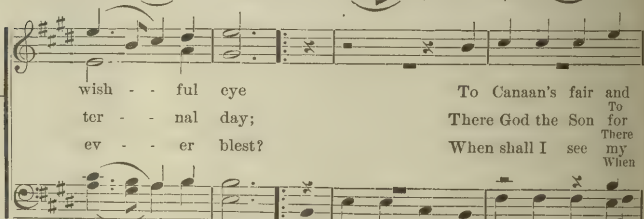
Free from care from la-bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee.
 Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault and se-cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

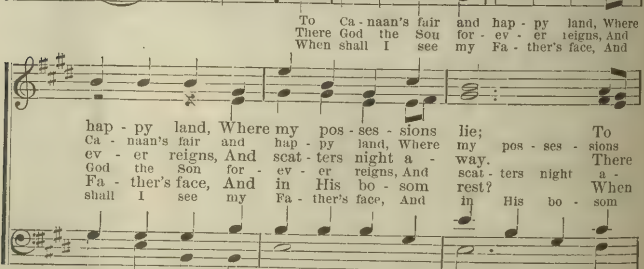
S. HIBBARD.



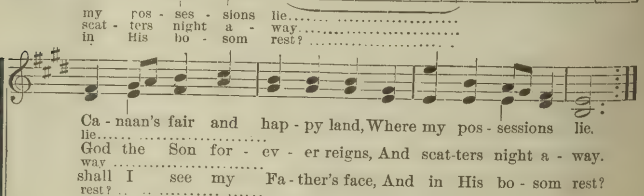
1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast . . . a
 2. O'er all . . . those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one . . . e -
 3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be . . . for -



wish - - ful eye To Canaan's fair and
 ter - - nal day; There God the Son for
 ev - - er blest? When shall I see my When



To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And
 hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie; To
 Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions
 ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way. There
 God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a -
 Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest? When
 shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som



my pos - ses - sions lie . . .
 scat - ters night a - way . . .
 in His bo - som rest? . . .
 Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
 lie . . .
 God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 way . . .
 shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
 rest? . . .



No. 140.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con -
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man na still pro - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we

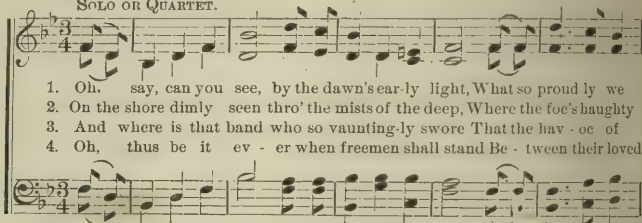
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain, Till we meet,

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

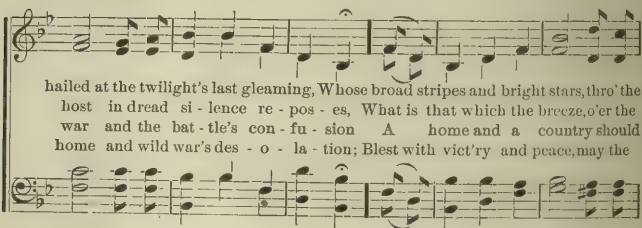
No. 141. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

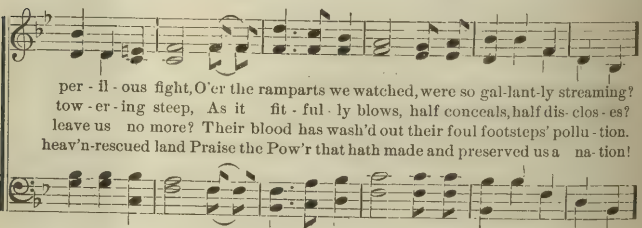
SOLO OR QUARTET.



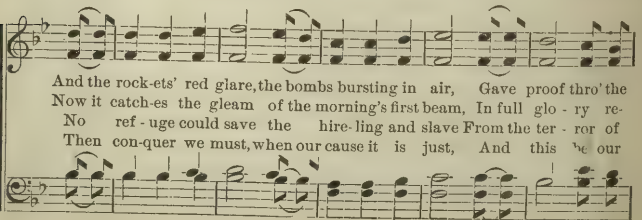
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud ly we
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band who so vaunting-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a country should
 home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming?
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es?
 leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollu - tion.
 heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!



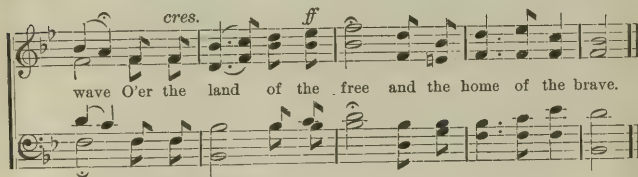
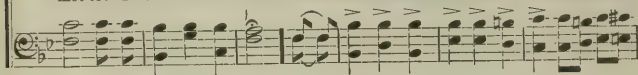
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
 Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

CHORUS.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



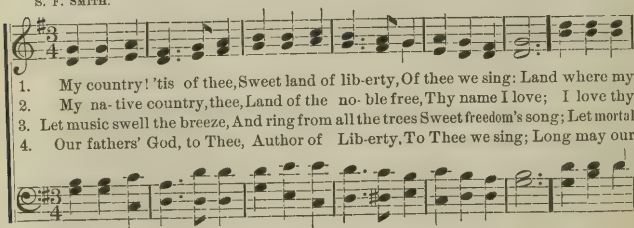
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

No. 142.

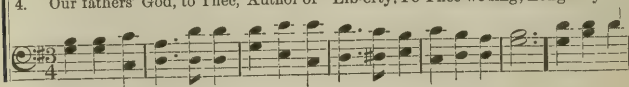
AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-erty, Of thee we sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of Lib-erty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain-side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let Rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



No. 143. A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

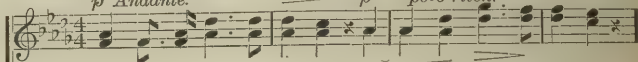
Translated by L. C. ELSON.

(MALE VOICES)

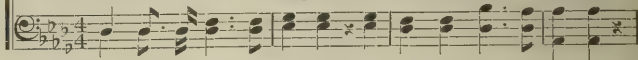
JOHANNA KINKEL.

p Andante.

p poco riten.



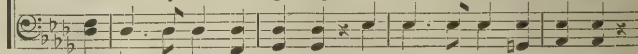
1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou when tears are thronging,



Crescendo e poco accel. al . . . f



And then, what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me.
With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing.
That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft while dy-ing,

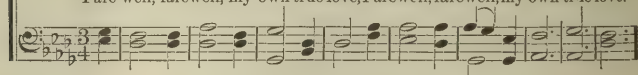


Tempo I. tranquillo e molto espress.

CHORUS. *p*



Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.



No. 144. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.



Battle Hymn: (71)

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword!
His truth is marching on.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the ev'ning dews and damps;

I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His truth is marching on.

- 3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

- 4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that trans-figures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

SELECTED HYMNS.

(The music to these hymns can be found in "Ocean Grove Songs,"
the numbers being given at the right.)

No. 145. Fill Me Now. (15)

1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,
Come, O come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Holy Spirit, fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence,
Come O come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Tho' I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee,
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

No. 146. The Comforter. (19)

1 O spread the tidings 'round, wherever
man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes
abound;
Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the
joyful sound—
The Comforter has come!

CHO.—The Comforter has come,
The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heav'n,
The Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round,
Wherever man is found—
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past, the morn-
ing breaks at last,
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury
of the blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances
fast—
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo! the great King of kings, with healing
in His wings,
To ev'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance
brings;
And thro' the vacant cells the song of
triumph rings—
The Comforter has come!

1 O boundless love divine! how shall this
tongue of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless
grace divine—
That I, a child of hell, should in His
image shine!
The Comforter has come!

5 Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted
sky,
And all the saints above to all below
reply,
In strains of endless love, the song that
ne'er will die—
The Comforter has come!

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D.

No. 147. I Love to Tell. (51)

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all the golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have lov'd so long.

Catherine Hankey.

No. 148. Come, Sinner, Come. (33)

- 1 While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him,
Come, sinner, come!

- 2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

- 3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

Will. E. Witter.

No. 149. A Charge to Keep. (43)

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Westey.

No. 150. Master, Speak! (45)

- 1 Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth,
Master, let it now be heard.
I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?
- 2 Speak to me by name, O Master!
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

- 3 Master, speak! tho' least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O, Thou knowest
All the yearnings of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.
- 4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow ev'ry word.
I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak! O speak to me.

Selected by Mr. Yatman.

No. 151. There is a Land. (115)

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclosed eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

No. 152. There's a Wideness. (125)

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There's a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

No. 153. Love Divine. (47)

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*Chas. Wesley.***No. 154. Come, Thou Fount. (127)**

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

*R. Robinson.***No. 155. Cleansing Fountain. (122)**

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue
William Cowper.

No. 156. Sweet Home. (65)

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion
with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at
home.
- CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
my home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease,
Tho' oft from Thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.
- 3 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy
grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy
throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
home.
- 4 I long, dearest Saviour, in Thy beauty
to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in Thy bright image to rise from
the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee
at home.

David Venham.

No. 157. Homeward Bound. (81)

- 1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright, heav'nly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
We're home at last, home at last.

W. F. Warren.

No. 158. O Day of Rest. (111)

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,

Sing "Holy, holy, holy."
To the great God Triune.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heav'n:
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was giv'n.
- 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 4 New graces ever gaining,
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. Wordsworth.

No. 159. Jesus Saves Me. (74)

- 1 Down at the cross, on Calv'ry's mountain,
Where mercies flow,
I plung'd in the redeeming fountain,
Wash'd whiter than the snow.
When nothing in the whole creation
Could purchase peace,
My Saviour bro't His free salvation,
Gave me complete release.
- CHO.—Brothers, won't you hear the story?
See the fountain flow!
Oh, glory in the highest, glory!
Jesus saves me, this I know.
- 2 When, lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold,
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me His wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus sav'd my soul.
- 3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled;
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by Him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast His robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has bro't me home.

No. 160. Cleansing Wave. (137)

- 1 Oh! now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide:
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save.
Points to His wounded side.
- CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks, polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments
white,
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n below,
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

No. 161. Just as I Am. (139)

- 1 Just as I am! without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am! and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am! tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliot.

No. 162. What a Friend. (141)

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 163. My Faith Looks. (97)

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love for Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Ray Palmer.

No. 164. Rock of Ages. (150)

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady

No. 165. My Jesus, I Love Thee. (152)

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 166. Almighty King. (146)

- 1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our pray'r attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

C. Wesley.

No. 167. Marching to Zion. (92)

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- CHO — We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God!

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

No. 168. Firm Foundation. (157)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord, [Word!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
mayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

George Keith.

No. 169. Blessed Assurance. (79)

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, wash'd in His blood.
- CHO. — This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

No. 170. Hour of Prayer. (Key of D.)

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 171. Jesus, as Thou wilt. (142)

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign,
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolke.

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